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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Court of Westphalia under Jerome Buonaparte; with Anecdotes of his Favourites, Ministers, &c. London. 1820. 8vo. pp. 371.

This is a translation of a flippant and amusing French work, which gives an account of the six years' reign of Mr. Jerome Buonaparte in Westphalia. Were the time not so long, and were there not bloody episodes in it of individual wrong and general suffering, we could fancy the whole a farce, wherein the action was bad and the actors infamous. Jerome having borrowed something more than 80,000*l.* at Paris, set out for his kingship, and in December 1807, arrived at the capital, Cassel. Our author thus describes some of the circumstances...

Some individuals of the household went on before, to Cassel; amongst whom was Laf., intendat of the civil list, and Meyr., grand marshal of the palace, and subsequently count Wellingerode. Laf... belonged to a mercantile family of Marseilles, and might be fairly considered as one of the most negative and inefficient characters in the kingdom. Beugnot having once shewn him an elaborate essay on the political and statistical situation of the kingdom, he examined it with a vacant stare, and on some one present calling his attention to a notice of the establishments for public instruction, he asked, doubtless out of mere distraction: "Well, what is all that about?"

Meyr... had been a cabin-boy on board a Marseilles coasting vessel; nor is it known how he became patronized by the Bonaparte family. He had certainly accompanied Jerome during his naval exploits, and obtained his confidence.

The king and queen reached Napoleons-höhe on the 20th of December: this place being about half a mile from the capital, they did not make their grand entry until next day. Immediately after the event, a royal decree nominated Simeon to the ministry of justice and interior; Beugnot to the financial department; Jolivet to the treasury; General L. to the war department; a briefless barrister of Paris, who had come to take his chance in Westphalia, was made director general of the police, in a country of which he did not understand the language; a person named M. was appointed secretary of state *pro tempore*, in the absence of M. Müller, who had been already nominated. M. was about the same age as Jerome,

and belonged to a family in easy circumstances at Paris. His youth had been passed in very dissipated society, and there was scarcely any office calculated to minister to the pleasures of Jerome, that he had not the credit of performing since their intimacy commenced. Such was the grave personage who signed the first organic laws of an austere and religious people!

Amongst the other individuals who accompanied the king, were Lec.... afterwards Count de Furst.... and secretary of state; Bouch.... prefect of the palace; Mor.... and Gir.... two aid-de-camps. Lec...., originally from Martinique, possessed no other talent except that of being a good courtier; he was very intimate with his master, whose confidence he contrived to gain, as well as the place of first chamberlain. Bouch.... had sold toothpicks and suspenders in the coffee houses of Hamburg; his family had been formerly acquainted with that of the Emperor, in Corsica: he was by no means devoid of good nature, though in other respects, full of vanity and ostentation.

There was a crowd of needy adventurers in Westphalia at this period, attracted by the hope of making fortunes; they came from all parts of France, as to another land of promise. Cassel was encumbered with these sort of people, and it was not without considerable uneasiness that the Germans viewed this flock of expectants, like so many hawks, hovering over their prey. Such were the circumstances under which Mr. D.... found his way to Cassel: we shall have to present this adventurer to the reader's notice under the successive titles of clerk in the war office, commissary, inspector of reviews, chief of division, counsellor of state, intendat of the treasury, &c. &c. Some persons, then at Cassel, had formerly known D.... at Paris, in the humble employment of a writer in the office for lighting the streets. Having subsequently become a contractor, he failed of success, and being dunned by his creditors, he came to hide himself in the army of Germany. Certain persons, whom nothing escapes, well remember how suddenly he became a great personage, and the worn-out olive coloured surtout which he wore on his arrival, the sole and only coat he then possessed. Such was the debut of this ambitious character, whom we shall soon see performing one of the most important parts in these memoirs.

A little further on we are told...

Cassel now presented a singular spectacle: foreigners were introduced in the midst of Germans; a French colony of both sexes, every age and condition, many of the individuals composing it, crowding in from Paris,

amongst the phlegmatic Hessians, bringing with them their inconstancy, vices, and follies, was not a scene by any means unworthy the pencil of an acute observer.

The capital had already become better lighted than formerly, the internal police was also improved; restaurateurs, coffee-houses, plays, and concerts, not to mention other objects of luxury, were substituted for the dull monotony of the old system. The worthy Germans thought all this very fine, but they were astonished at seeing gambling-houses and other receptacles, hitherto unheard of, at the residence of their sovereign. Habit is, however, a second nature; the young women who had only felt an interest in their domestic concerns, and the cares of house-keeping, now thought of the Theatre, and seemed anxious to feast their eyes with the lascivious dances of the French ballet.

The persons attached to the court had not, however, as yet publicly manifested the excess of their turpitude; the hypocrisy of a number of corrupt courtiers, in the midst of a laborious and sober people, was an involuntary homage which vice rendered to virtue. They plainly saw that this was not their proper ground; and if there were any orgies with the theatrical gentry, or intrigues with the nymphs of court, they contrived at least to save appearances.

Jerome himself seemed almost a saint; those in his confidence could no longer recognize the same person, with the exception of a few trifling errors.

With such companions, counsellors, partizans, and followers, it is not surprising that this short reign was one of immeasurable folly and vice. While Napoleon expressed every stiver from Westphalia, for his ambitious purposes; poor Jerome re-squeezed the lees for means to provide his pleasures, support his actors, gratify his prostitutes, and pension their relatives and husbands. At the end of the first quarter, three quarters revenue was anticipated; jews raised loans, swindlers levied contributions, mountebanks burlesqued official duties, and harlots revelled on the accumulated spoils. Minister succeeded minister in every department so quickly, that though his Majesty's rule was exceedingly brief, he made as many state-dignitaries, in his time, as monarchs of the longest reign. Among these, however, figured Bulow, afterwards finance minister of Prussia; Simeon, now the minister of the interior, in France; and

Beugnot, also better known since that period: of the latter the following is related:—

A crowd of applicants and greedy expectants, from all quarters, besieged the different public offices; Frenchmen and Germans were seen soliciting on every side. Beugnot was greatly amused by the piteous and contrite air of all those ill-fated candidates who were desirous of approaching him, with the same anxiety that a convalescent seeks the mild influence of the sun's rays in spring.

One of the most characteristic traits amongst the Germans is, that the superior is proud, haughty, disdainful, and sometimes uncivil towards his inferior, whilst the latter is humble even to meanness. How ridiculous was it not to see the unfortunate barons of Germany crouch to the earth before the little advocate of Bar-sur-Aube!

What affronts were they not obliged to put up with, merely to reach the anti-chamber! and how many bows did they not make on arriving there! One of these poor devils, having got over all the difficulties of entry, was, at length, fortunate enough to see the minister, who was standing with his back to the fire—His excellency sees and speaks to him; there is no longer any doubt of his fortune being made. 'Do you understand latin, Baron?' asked Beugnot. 'Yes, your excellency,' replied the German. 'Oh! you know latin, do you! tell me then how to say, I put on my small-clothes, in latin?'—The baron had studied at Göttingen, Jena, and Tübingen; he had read Homer, Virgil, and Cicero; yet he hesitates! what a dilemma! 'Ah! Baron,' cried the minister, 'I plainly see that you do not understand Latin!' Upon this the surrounding sycophants burst out into a loud laugh; the brutal sally was a charming witticism; because whatever the 'Dog in office' says, must be a good thing, although it were absolute nonsense.

We will not unravel the thread of the story, which places in detail before us, the sovereignty of Prince Jerome. A few characteristic touches will lead our readers, according to their tastes, either to think they have enough, or to refer to the original picture. About 1809, while the plundering system was in full force, we learn that—

In the midst of these infamous proceedings, feasts and rejoicings succeeded each other without interruption. Nevertheless, Jerome became royally wearied: so true it is, that the intoxication of vice is not of long continuance, and that its illusions soon give place to satiety. It was doubtless with the intention of varying this monotonous scene that the troops were assembled in a pleasure camp near Cassel. Jerome directed the manoeuvres, while his generals made the most laborious exertions to execute them. The ladies of the court and city came in their carriages to the camp; they breakfasted, dined, gambolled under the tents; and witnessed the evolutions: it was really charming!...Bernardotte and the Prince

Royal of Wurtemberg were accidentally at Cassel. The first was going to place himself by the side of the King of Sweden; the other travelled, having nothing better to do.

It is said that the latter was not insensible to the charms of Madame L... but he was surprised to find that Jerome had a prior claim: Jerome in his turn, discovered a rival in a young and handsome clerk of the war office, while the clerk's deputy was a life guardsman. This affair made some noise, and was spoken of in the scandalous circles of Cassel; people only whispered it about at first, and the police was on the alert for a whole fortnight to trace the authors.

The Prince of Wurtemberg intended to make some handsome presents, but this ended in smoke; the King of Westphalia had promised a jewel box, and thought no more of it. The clerk and guardsman were obliged to relinquish their pursuit rather suddenly. Some time afterwards Jerome became reconciled, paid the debts of the lady, and gave her husband I know not what sief, with the title of Count. I do not recollect what arms this illustrious nobleman adopted, but certainly they were not those most appropriate to his domestic history.

His wife belonged to a good Italian family, and was not without some attractions. With respect to propriety and conduct, she had just enough to prevent her from becoming a street walker.

Accounts of affairs more gross and indecent than this, are to be found in the volume; but we are not fond of extracting pruriency. Minor examples shall suffice for us:

The governor of the pages also took on himself the charge of amorous purveyor, for it seemed to be the easiest road to honours and dignities. He had succeeded in rousing the slumbering passions of Jerome by procuring some new candidates for the smiles of royalty. This act of kindness did not go unrewarded: the influence of Dalb... evidently declined. It is true that his complaisance and the nature of his services, scarcely compensated for his rudeness and ill breeding. He had, during a field-day at the pleasure camp, carried this habitual disposition so far as to tell his majesty to go to the devil! The sovereign pretended not to hear him, but some of those officious friends who abound in courts, did not fail to repeat this insult, or omit seasoning it with the acrid sauce of a courtier. Jerome was, therefore, obliged to banish him; but Dalb... anticipated this event by tendering his resignation.

The king's favourite is assassinated:

The pleasures of the court were not however interrupted by this dismal episode. Amongst the ladies of Cassel was a Madame Coll... whose occupations were various. Although she was procuress to the nobles, lent money on pledges to gamblers, a dealer in millinery, toys, &c. she contrived, notwithstanding, to keep up a communication with the court, and sold shawls on credit to the ladies of the bed-chamber.

One of those shameless women, who are

to be found in most continental cities, wished to dispose of her daughter, a young girl of fifteen. Jerome had seen, and admired her.

The mother, as may be imagined, opposed herself with *ifs* and *buts* of every description: she must have a pension for herself, her daughter, bribes for her relations and friends; a dowry, a husband, and the lord knows what besides. The most able negotiators about the court had failed; all the Scapins were in despair; no one but the Count de Hœ... was capable of conducting this difficult affair. The glory of success was his alone. It was stipulated by the *minister of war*, that a husband should be provided for the lady, a place for the husband, and, in addition to this, a marriage portion, also a sum of money for the mother and daughter. But the most arduous task yet remained unaccomplished, this was to find a husband who would willingly conduct the bride from the altar to the royal chamber, and yield up his right of priority. Such a one was to be found, doubt it not, gentle reader. Madame Coll..., whom we may justly call *Mme. la Ressource*, found one d'Esc... who was employed in the post-office, and who willingly devoted himself to promote the pleasures of the king. The victim, ornamented with flowers, was silently conducted to the sanctuary, and the convenient husband, having signed his dishonour, returned whence he came. The chamberlain Münchhausen, having thought proper to make remarks on this little adventure, found, one evening on his return home, a soldier with an order to conduct him to a regiment as a conscript. The chief of the police was the inventor of this piece of wagery; it was thought an excellent joke at court, and excited infinite laughter.

Eheu jam satis! But to show that the infamy in politics was equal to the infamy in amours, we select the relation of an intrigue to degrade Bulow from the Ministry of Finance.

The police was ordered, by means worthy of its calling, to seize on the pretended important papers which were to unveil the conduct of M. de Bulow, and which were said to be placed in his study.

Berc... gave the charge of executing this commission to a Frenchman, who was commissary general of the police at Cassel. This man transferred the business to one of his assistants, and gave him verbal instructions. Nothing better was imagined than to suborn the valet de chambre of M. de Bulow, in order to gain access to the cabinet of the minister; but this man, instead of betraying his master for a few pieces of gold, informed him of the plot. M. de Bulow had thus a fair opportunity of entrapping the police agents in their own snare, and he did not fail to avail himself of the occasion.

The valet seemed to enter into the views of the suborner, and received the bribe offered to him. Arrangements are accordingly made, and on the appointed day, the agent of the police arrives at the hour specified, and, in order to prevent being surprised, is shut up in the minister's study.

Already he seizes on letters, boxes, and portfolios, when M. de Bulow, who is concealed in an interior cabinet, appears suddenly, and cries: "Stop thief!" In vain he is told that it is the agent of police, this only makes M. de Bulow cry out ten times louder; a number of people, purposely placed, serve as witnesses to prove the offence, and a declaration is drawn up: while M. de Bulow hastens to demand justice of the king. In the mean time the pretended thief is conducted to prison. Jerome was well aware that he had compromised his dignity on this occasion; he dared not countenance the conduct of the police, and therefore seemed to consider the matter in a very serious light; he sent therefore to the ministers for their opinions. The Count de First and the minister of war, in contradiction to M. de Bulow, advised that no further steps should be taken in the business. But Simeon, who was not aware of the original scheme, represented the consequences of such a violation with so much vehemence, that the king was constrained to act against those who had executed his orders. However, they deserved to be punished for their awkwardness. The commissary general of police and his agent were driven from Westphalia; Berc . . . , dismissed from the police, became cabinet secretary, and General Bong . . . , commander of the gendarmerie, took his place.

This little triumph of M. de Bulow rendered his influence more formidable than ever. The Germans considered him as an oracle: the French feared him; and the king let him have his own way, because he furnished money.

Probably the further view of this gang of Scapins may be advantageously referred to a work which reveals them in a lively manner; and therefore we shall take our leave with two or three anecdotes. When his Westphalian Majesty resisted rather strenuously some of the impositions of his stouter brother,—

It is said that the latter, on reading a despatch from Jerome in which he very energetically supported his dignity, exclaimed: "Oh, oh! if my brother had three hundred thousand men, I dare say, he would declare war against me."

One day when the new decoration of the order of the crown, in Westphalia, was shewn to the Emperor, and on which the lion of Cassel, the horse of Brunswick, and several other emblems were represented, he observed to those around him: "There are a great many beasts in this order!"

One day when the treasurer of the crown insisted on the grant of a tolerably large sum, alleging that it was indispensably necessary to satisfy the demands of the comedians: "This is all very well, Sir," replied Malsbourg, (Lord Treasurer); "but ought I not to pay those 'who cry before those who sing?'"

The conclusion of the reign of Jerome was worthy of it. In 1813 Czer-

nicheff and his Cossacks, put his majesty and court to flight, and took possession of Cassel, upon which occasion he "made the French comedians perform," as the fitting termination to a dynasty of which, from beginning to end, they had constituted so essential a part.

A few grammatical errors require correction; and the affectation of concealing names under initials, &c., is absurd. The volume is however light and entertaining. The author writes with spirit, and in great as well as small matters, decides with all the confidence of his country. His best quality is that of liveliness.

Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems. By Barry Cornwall. Second edition. London, 1820.

We have much pleasure in reflecting, that when this delightful author first glanced upon the public eye, the Literary Gazette greeted his softly brilliant rising in the poetical horizon, with acclamations such as an enthusiastic race of eastern worshippers use when they behold the earliest coming of the lovely moon. Had we any fear, it was that private partiality might unawares warp our judgment, and cause us, perhaps, to express feelings growing out of many roots, which the intrinsic merits of the single fruit before us would not seem to warrant. We imagined that from other considerations of which we were conscious, we could not so sufficiently appreciate the production, as to be entirely fair in our criticism; and we therefore waited with some anxiety to see how far our brother reviewers agreed with or differed from our sentiments. They have unanimously coincided with us; and by common consent, the young Poet has been established in an elevated niche in the temple of fame, though as yet he has only presented two slight volumes to the world. These, we feel assured, are but the prelude to some swelling act; and surely, if Mr. Cornwall be possessed of any ambition, the laurels lavished on his first efforts must stimulate his genius to deeds still more worthy. We shall then be more pleased and more proud than ever to hail his increasing glory: at present, it is only our purpose to remind him of the expectations he has excited by quoting a few passages from the new edition of his *Dramatic Scenes*.

The following lines, of a soliloquy in the poem of Werner, were not in the original publication, and are eminently beautiful.

Or I
Will lie beneath the shade of columns or tombs
Forgotten, where the ashes of those men
Who filled the world with fame, sleep now in-
urned,
Or on Athenian ground, or storied Troy,
Or marble Thebes upon whose sands long since
The amorous Memnon in the morning light
Sang to the young Aurora—for amongst
Those haunts the spirits of the elder time
Wander invisibly; and we will talk
Beneath the quiet of the midnight sky,
Of things and days departed; till the sound

Shall fall like melancholy music on
My soul.—Or, haplier, far and far away,
Beside some silent lake, encompassed round
By mighty hills, I'll lay me down at last,
An idler on that solitary shore,
And upon every cloud and passing thing
And every wind that stirs, or feathered bird
That dips its plumage in the waters, I
Will through the lazy noon-tide moralize;
And so I'll learn tranquillity.

The beginning of the soliloquy is also very fine—

This is a dreary world. The sun has made
A cloudy set, and as he died, his eye
Looked red and troubled, and did tell of storms
To-morrow. A dark world—Still do I tread
The ground as I was wont, and yet, I feel
A wild and buoyant spirit here that seems
To mingle with the circling element,
And lift me upwards, whispering me I am
In something different from man. I am:
For I have run beyond my course, and left
The world behind, and now I stand above
The reach of mortal accident. I wished
To be immortal, for my soul was proud
And grasping; want and woe hung on my heart,
And I was bruised by foul authority;
And that I saw beyond my fellows and
Could read the secrets of the skies, and look
Into the profound which spreads beyond the
tomb

Its dim illimitable regions, I
Was spurned and hated; but no more. I am
Immortal now; hundreds of untold years
That now lie sleeping in the gulf of time,
Shall rise and roll before me ere I die.
My glance can reach the heart, and my hand

rain
Gold-showers, and invisible spirits stand
Always around me: I can walk the waves,
And ride the ringed winds, and bid them fly
On my dark errands, and I have the power
To call the dead up from their stony rooms
To do me service—I have a haunt beside
The bright home of the sun, aye, and can blind
The red Orion when he eyes the seas,
And strives to scatter from his cloudy arms
Tempest and storm: and so I am—a wretch.

We add two of the shorter poems—

THE MAGDALEN.

I do remember it. 'Twas such a face
As Guido would have loved to dwell upon;
But oh! the touches of his pencil never
Could paint her perfect beauty. In her home
(Which once she did desert) I saw her last;
Propped up by pillows, swelling round her like
Soft heaps of snow, yielding, and fit to bear
Her faded figure.—I observed her well:
Her brow was fair, but very pale, and look'd
Like stainless marble; a touch methought would
soil

Its whiteness. O'er her temple one blue vein
Ran like a tendril; one through her shadowy
hand

Branched like the fibre of a leaf—away.
Her mouth was tremulous, and her cheek wore
then

A flush of beautiful vermillion,
But more like art than nature; and her eye
Spoke as became the youthful Magdalen,
Dying and broken-hearted

SONNET.

Oh, for that winged steel, Bellerophon!
That Pallas gave thee in her infinite grace
And love for innocence, when thou didst face
The treble-shaped Chimera. But he is gone
That struck the sparkling stream from Helicon;

And never hath one risen in his place,
Stamped with the features of that mighty race.
Yet whoso grieves I—seeing how easily
The plumed spirit may its journey take
Through yon blue regions of the middle air;
And note all things below that own a grace,
Mountain, and cataract, and silent lake,
And wander in the fields of poesy,
Where avarice never comes, and seldom care.

*The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon,
Gent. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 354.*

The first notice taken of this work in England, appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, (No. 140) of September 25th; and in two subsequent Numbers, we copied from it as many papers. A polite letter from the author, informing us that in consequence of the favourable opinion of his work expressed very generally by the periodical press, it was his intention to reprint it in this country, induced us to desist from further extracts, which to take in anticipation of its being published, would, we thought, be an act of injustice towards Mr. Irving. For such, we learnt, was the name of Geoffrey Crayon.

In the *Literary Gazette* alluded to, we paid the tribute of our applause to the American writer, whose sketches had a freshness and beauty about them with which we were exceedingly gratified. It is therefore unnecessary for us to repeat these favourable sentiments; especially as the volume itself may now be consulted for their confirmation. We shall merely say that the essays are various and agreeable; that their matter is amusing or pathetic, as required by the subject; that their style is the best transatlantic which we have yet seen; and that they display an amiable and cultivated mind, free from violent prejudices, and endued with very considerable talent. Except in a paper on English Writers, we discover no trace of the less pleasing side of the American character. Here the author, (page 108,) complains as we conceive without reason, boasts without foundation, and threatens without effect. Literature is of no nation; and the wise of every country despise those scribblers who would divide science into parties, and split learning into factions. Surely Mr. Irving has by this time dismissed the last slight touches of that impression which induced him to fancy that an American author would meet with an unfair reception from a British public. His own experience must have convinced him that we are far above such paltry feelings: for his *Sketch Book* has been quoted most widely, and every

voice has been raised to hail the appearance of a performance so honourable to its author, and so creditable to his native land. In that opinion we cordially join; and giving only one example from the work (suggested rather by its not having been quoted so much as others than by its superiority), we recommend it entirely to our readers.

THE ART OF BOOK-MAKING.

I have often wondered at the extreme fecundity of the press, and how it comes to pass that so many heads, on which nature seems to have inflicted the curse of barrenness, yet teem with voluminous productions. As a man travels on, however, in the journey of life, his objects of wonder daily diminish, and he is continually finding out some very simple cause for some great matter of marvel. Thus have I chanced, in my peregrinations about this great metropolis, to blunder upon a scene which unfolded to me some of the mysteries of the book-making craft, and at once put an end to my astonishment.

I was one summer's day loitering through the great saloons of the British Museum, with that listlessness with which one is apt to saunter about a museum in warm weather; sometimes lolling over the glass cases of minerals, sometimes studying the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian mummy, and sometimes trying, with nearly equal success, to comprehend the allegorical paintings on the lofty ceilings. Whilst I was gazing about in this idle way, my attention was attracted to a distant door, at the end of a suite of apartments. It was closed, but every now and then it would open, and some strange-favoured being, generally clothed in black, would steal forth, and glide through the rooms, without noticing any of the surrounding objects. There was an air of mystery about this that piqued my languid curiosity, and I determined to attempt the passage of that strait, and to explore the unknown regions that lay beyond. The door yielded to my hand, with all that facility with which the portals of enchanted castles yield to the adventurous knight errant. I found myself in a spacious chamber, surrounded with great cases of venerable books. Above the cases, and just under the cornice, were arranged a great number of quaint black looking portraits of ancient authors. About the room were placed long tables, with stands for reading and writing, at which sat many pale, cadaverous personages, poring intently over dusty volumes, rummaging among mouldy manuscripts, and taking copious notes of their contents. The most hushed stillness reigned through this mysterious apartment, excepting that you might hear the racing of pens over sheets of paper, or, occasionally, the deep sigh of one of these sages, as he shifted his position to turn over the pages of an old folio; doubtless arising from that hollowness and flatulency incident to learned research.

Now and then one of these personages would write something on a small slip of

paper, and ring a bell, whereupon a familiar would appear, take the paper in profound silence, glide out of the room, and return shortly loaded with ponderous tomes, upon which the other would fall tooth and nail with famished voracity. I had no longer a doubt that I had happened upon a body of magi, deeply engaged in the study of occult sciences. The scene reminded me of an old Arabian tale of a philosopher, shut up in an enchanted library, in the bosom of a mountain, that opened only once a year; where he made the spirits of the place obey his commands, and bring him books of all kinds of dark knowledge, so that at the end of the year, when the magic portal once more swung open on its hinges, he issued forth so versed in forbidden lore, as to be able to soar above the heads of the multitude, and to control the powers of nature.

My curiosity being now fully aroused, I whispered to one of the familiars, as he was about to leave the room, and begged an interpretation of the strange scene before me. A few words were sufficient for the purpose. I found that these mysterious personages, whom I had mistaken for magi, were principally authors, and were in the very act of manufacturing books. I was, in fact, in the reading room of the great British Library—an immense collection of volumes of all ages and languages, many of which are now forgotten, and most of which are seldom read. To these sequestered pools of obsolete literature, therefore, do many modern authors repair, and draw buckets full of classic lore, or "pure English, undefiled," wherewith to swell their own scanty rills of thought.

Being now in possession of the secret, I sat down in a corner, and watched the process of this book manufactory. I noticed one lean, bilious looking fellow, who sought none but the most worm-eaten volumes, printed in black letter. He was evidently constructing some work of profound erudition, that would be purchased by every man who wished to be thought learned, placed upon a conspicuous shelf of his library, or laid upon his table; but never read. I observed him, now and then, draw a large fragment of biscuit out of his pocket, and gnaw; whether it was his dinner, or whether he was endeavouring to keep off that exhaustion of the stomach produced by much pondering over dry works, I leave to harder students than myself to determine.

There was one dapper little gentleman in bright coloured clothes, with a chirping, gossiping expression of countenance, who had all the appearance of an author on good terms with his bookseller. After considering him attentively, I recognised in him a diligent getter up of miscellaneous works, which bustled off well with the trade. I was curious to see how he manufactured his wares. He made more stir and show of business than any of the others; dipping into various books, fluttering over the leaves of manuscripts, taking a morsel out of one, a morsel out of another, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." The contents of his book seemed to be as heterogeneous as those of the witches'

cauldron in Macbeth. It was here a finger and there a thumb, toe of frog and blind worm's sting, with his own gossip poured in like "baboon's blood," to make the medley "slab and good."

After all, thought I, may not this pilfering disposition be implanted in authors for wise purposes; may it not be the way in which providence has taken care that the seeds of knowledge and wisdom shall be preserved from age to age, in spite of the inevitable decay of the works in which they were first produced. We see that nature has wisely, though whimsically, provided for the conveyance of seeds from clime to clime, in the maws of certain birds; so that animals, which, in themselves, are little better than carrion, and apparently the lawless plunderers of the orchard and the corn field, are, in fact, nature's carriers to disperse and perpetuate her blessings. In like manner, the beauties and fine thoughts of ancient and obsolete writers, are caught up by these flights of predatory authors, and cast forth, again to flourish and bear fruit in a remote and distant tract of time. Many of their works also undergo a kind of metempsychosis, and spring up under new forms. What was formerly a ponderous history, revives in the shape of a romance—an old legend changes into a modern play—and a sober philosophical treatise furnishes the body for a whole series of bouncing and sparkling essays. Thus it is in the clearing of our American woodlands; where we burn down a forest of stately pines, a progeny of dwarf oaks start up in their place; and we never see the prostrate trunk of a tree, mouldering into soil, but it gives birth to a whole tribe of fungi.

Let us not, then, lament over the decay and oblivion into which ancient writers descend; they do but submit to the great law of nature, which declares that all sublimity of matter shall be limited in their duration, but which decrees also, that their elements shall never perish. Generation after generation, both in animal and vegetable life, pass away, but the vital principle is transmitted to posterity, and the species continues to flourish. Thus, also, do authors beget authors, and having produced a numerous progeny, in a good old age they sleep with their fathers, that is to say, with the authors who preceded them—and from whom they had stolen.

Whilst I was indulging in these rambling fancies, I had leaned my head against a pile of reverend folios. Whether it was owing to the soporific emanations from these works; or to the profound quiet of the room; or to the lassitude arising from much wandering; or to an unlucky habit of napping at improper times and places, with which I am grievously afflicted; so it was, that I fell into a doze. Still, however, my imagination continued busy, and indeed the same scene remained before my mind's eye, only a little changed in some of the details. I dreamt that the chamber was still decorated with the portraits of ancient authors, but that the number was increased. The long tables had disappeared, and in place of the sage magi,

I beheld a ragged, threadbare throng, such as may be seen plying about that great repository of cast-off clothes, Mommouth Street. Whenever they seized upon a book, by one of those incongruities common to dreams, methought it turned into a garment of foreign or antique fashion, with which they proceeded to equip themselves. I noticed, however, that no one pretended to clothe himself from any particular suit, but took a sleeve from one, a cape from another, a skirt from a third, thus decking himself out piecemeal, while some of his original rags would peep out from among his borrowed finery.

There was a portly, rosy, well-fed parson, whom I observed ogling several mouldy polemical writers through an eye-glass. He soon contrived to slip on the voluminous mantle of one of the old fathers, and having purloined the gray beard of another, endeavoured to look exceedingly wise; but the smirking commonplace of his countenance set at nought all the trappings of wisdom. One sickly looking gentleman was busied embroidering a very flimsy garment with gold thread drawn out of several old court dresses of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Another had trimmed himself magnificently from an illuminated manuscript, had stuck a nosegay in his bosom, culled from "The Paradise of Dainty Devices," and having put Sir Philip Sidney's hat on one side of his head, strutted off with an exquisite air of vulgar elegance. A third, who was but of puny dimensions, had bolstered himself out bravely with the spoils from several obscure tracts of philosophy, so that he had a very imposing front; but he was lamentably tattered in rear, and I perceived that he had patched his small clothes with scraps of parchment from a Latin author.

There were some well-dressed gentlemen, it is true, who only helped themselves to a gem or so, which sparkled among their own ornaments, without eclipsing them. Some, too, seemed to contemplate the costumes of the old writers, merely to imbibe their principles of taste, and catch their air and spirit; but I grieve to say, that too many were apt to array themselves, from top to toe, in the patchwork manner I have mentioned. I should not omit to speak of one genius, in drab breeches and gaiters and an Arcadian hat, who had a violent propensity to the pastoral, but whose rural wanderings had been confined to the classic haunts of Primrose Hill, and the solitudes of the Regent's Park. He had decked himself in wreaths and ribbands from all the old pastoral poets, and hanging his head on one side, went about with a fantastical, lack-a-daisical air, "babbling about green fields." But the personage that most struck my attention, was a pragmatical old gentleman, in clerical robes, with a remarkably large and square, but bald head. He entered the room wheezing and puffing, elbowed his way through the throng, with a look of sturly self-confidence, and having laid hands upon a thick Greek quarto, clapped it upon his head, and swept majestically away in a formidable frizzled wig.

In the height of this literary masquerade, a cry suddenly resounded from every side, of

"thieves! thieves!" I looked, and lo! the portraits about the walls became animated! The old authors thrust out, first a head, then a shoulder, from the canvass, looked down curiously, for an instant, upon the motley throng, and then descended, with fury in their eyes, to claim their rifled property. The scene of scampering and hubbub that ensued, baffles all description. The unhappy culprits endeavoured in vain to escape with their plunder. On one side might be seen half a dozen old monks, stripping a modern professor; on another, there was sad devastation carried into the ranks of modern dramatic writers. Beaumont and Fletcher, side by side, ragged round the field like Castor and Pollux, and sturdy Ben Jonson, enacted more wonders than when a volunteer with the army in Flanders. As to the dapper little compiler of farragos, mentioned some time since, he had arrayed himself in as many patches and colours as Harlequin, and there was as fierce a contention of claimants about him, as about the dead body of Patroclus. I was grieved to see many men, to whom I had been accustomed to look up with awe and reverence, fain to steal off with scarce a rag to cover their nakedness. Just then my eye was caught by the pragmatical old gentleman in the Greek frizzled wig; who was scrambling away in sore affright with half a score of authors in full cry after him. They were close upon his haunches; in a twinkling off went his wig; at every turn some strip of raiment was peeled away; until in a few moments, from his domineering poise, he shrunk into a little, purdy, "chopp'd bald shot," and made his exit with only a few tags and rags fluttering at his back.

There was something so ludicrous in the catastrophe of this learned Theban, that I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which broke the whole illusion. The tumult and the scuffle were at an end. The chamber resumed its usual appearance. The old authors shrunk back into their picture frames, and hung in shadowy solemnity along the walls. In short, I found myself awake in my corner, with the whole assemblage of bookworms gazing at me with astonishment. Nothing of the dream had been real but my burst of laughter, a sound never before heard in that grave sanctuary, and so abhorrent to the ears of wisdom, as to electrify the fraternity.

The librarian now stepped up to me, and demanded whether I had a card of admission. At first I did not comprehend him, but I soon found that the library was a kind of literary "preserve," subject to game laws, and that no one must presume to hunt there without special license and permission. In a word, I stood convicted of being an arrant poacher, and was glad to make a precipitate retreat, lest I should have a whole pack of authors let loose upon me.

Sketches from St. George's Fields. By Giorgione di Castel Chiuso. London. 1820.

This satirical poem purports to be written by an Italian painter, to divert

his melancholy while in the King's Bench prison; but in its progress he forgets his assumed country. It is a smart production, and, though not well designed, surpasses both in composition and in talent, the generality of works of the class to which it belongs. The author seems to be equal to a higher theme than the ignoble one he has chosen; he might be the painter of beauty, but has contented himself with sketching some clever scenes of the impure place, where his head quarters were (we hope only for a short period) established. As the little volume only comes forth this day, we shall not prolong our comments, but proceed to afford an idea of its fashion, by extracting a few of its miscellaneous pages. Some of its contents it is a happiness not to understand; and of the meaning of many of its allusions "ignorance is bliss." The first part commences thus: The winds of March, with many a sudden gust, About Saint George's Fields had whirl'd the dust, And stirr'd the massive bars that stand beneath The spikes that wags call'd Ellenborough's teeth; Whether we grinders call them, or canine, Those teeth, Chief-Justice Abbot! now are thine—

But woe to him that calls your lordship currish.) 'Twas six o'clock precise; An eager visaged inmate of that place, Where dinner rarely cools from length of grace, Walk'd near the unenter'd coffee-house, and si-h'd,

As shuffled past a cook in busy pride, With laded tray, and hung his flickering nose O'er viands destined for the Don and R-se. Not half so fragrant were the wondrous nest The phoenix builds in Araby the blest, Nor Attar-Gul, whose scent so exquisite Bids swoon the maids of Schirauz with delight, Nor e'en the breath that fills Cecilia's sigh, As Ranger thought the vapour flitting by. The scent that hungry wight thought best of best Steam'd from a savoury steak with onions dress'd.

The rich aroma, climbing to his brain, Call'd up of eating thoughts a hungry train, Awak'd the memory of days gone by, When Lon's long bill of fare fatigued his eye; When George's Carte was search'd for something new—

I mixed consommé or superb ragoût, Some si-ne piquante, the wonder of the hour, To stimulate his palate's jaded power.

An old friend is brought in prisoner, and Ranger and Belcour, who had seen better times, renew their acquaintance in limbo. A bed room is hired for the latter.

No horse more closely girds the coffin'd dead, Than the four walls hemm'd in the little bed: Still it was clean, and might his own be made; At least so long as in advance he paid; Therefore the bargain Belcour ratified, And took the signory full eight feet wide.

Not half so low from old Bellario's cave The sons of Cymbeline, their heads to save, Snop, when they bid good morrow to the sun, (You've seen the thing at Covent Garden done)

As Belcour when returning bent his neck, Admonish'd by the ceiling's stubborn check. That point secured, the coffee-room they gain'd,

The cloth was laid; with appetite unchain'd, Fierce as a wolf, and as a falcon keen, Dire havoc Ranger made in fat and lean. Not with more quick dispatch Grimaldi's jaws Work for the gallery's thunders of applause, When thro' those portals of tremendous size The cheese-cakes vanish from admiring eyes, Than now the chops of mutton disappear'd, Till thrice the well-replenish'd dish was clear'd.

Ranger becomes the cicerone of the place, and explains its customs to his friend. The first morning the newcomer is obliged to sit for his picture, i. e. have his features scrutinized by the turnkeys, so that he may be known from a stranger, and not have egress in case of attempting a sortie.

Rose Belcour, dress'd, and soon the lobby found. About the door a throng of varlets stood, A grinning and ill-favour'd brotherhood, That scoff and gibe at every wight that wears Linen less black, or better coat, than theirs. For these our Belcour was too fair a mark; "Make way," cries one, "he's going to the Park,

His horse wait; he's going for a ride—" "Fool! 'tis his Tilbury," another cried; "D'ye think his lordship rides without his spurs?"

"A curse confound such base unmanner'd curs." Between his teeth impatient Belcour mutter'd, As each his wit so truly attic utter'd; Then 'mid the laughter of the brutal throng Dark frowning, thro' the door he moved along. Within the upper lobby Morris sat, And touch'd with easy complaisance his hat; And cried, not deigning from his seat to stir, "We hope you're pretty comfortable, sir." "Those chaps about the door are rather rum, But, love ye! so they do to all that come." Short was the conference; the Turnkey's look Quick cognizance of Belcour's features took; And never, from that hour, might he pass by Unnoted by that well-observing eye.

The inmates of the gaol are thus described.

Here ruin'd lawyers ruin'd clients meet; Here doctors their consumptive patients greet, Sick of one malady that mocks all skill, Without the true specific golden pill. Here finish'd tailors, never to be paid, Turn eyes on many a coat themselves have made: And bailiffs, caught by their own arts at last, Meet those their *capias* yesterday made fast. There walks a youth whose father, for reform, Has shut him up where countless vices swarm. But little is that parent skill'd to trace The springs of action,—little knows the place, Who sends an ailing mind to where disease Its inmost citadel of health may seize. Faint are the calls of Decency, when broad And naked, Vice can show her front unawed; Where thrives what'er the vilest of our kind Can teach to brutify and sink the mind; Where weary Reason fails her watch to keep, And the tir'd conscience finds a troubled sleep; Where every check and barrier is removed, Of countenances fear'd, and bosoms loved; Where bold and bad examples lead the way, And, every hour, facilities betray; Where feverish impatience fires the blood Distemper'd by the maddening neighbourhood;

Where hope of some short joy the sanguine draws,

And vanity is fed by bad applause, The brute his wonted offal seeks, the fool Falls, with his weight, or, push'd by ridicule. O, never yet was youth's strengthen'd mind Made pure by herding with the baser kind. Here shifts are necessary soon, to live; These to the mind a lasting colour give: Such hold some vices in their practice take, No force avails, their influence to shake. Some taints there are that in the frame defy The keenest knife and fiercest cautery.

See yon pale wretch,—observe his vacant stare,

His lustre-lacking eye, and matted hair; His spid'ring hands, his soil'd and tatter'd dress— Symbols, at once, of want and low excess; Two months ago he was an airy thing, Light, crisp, and elegant, and free of wing, Graceful in manners, stylish in attire, In converse full of wit, of zest, and fire. Soon sank his spirits, faded ev'ry grace, Before the withering influence of the place: Not of that order of high mis- as he Whose efforts rise with growing misery: From wine he sought false courage, and the glow That gave a hollow respite to his woe. Soon larger draughts were needful, in the sleep That kills all memory each sense to steep, Then vile potatoes of pernicious trash Were swallowed, Reason from his brain to wash. Behold him, now, confirm'd the perfect sot, That knows no heaven beyond a porter-pot.

We add but one other specimen: it is a graphic view, and given in the reply of a ci-devant fashionable to a brother prisoner.

If you complain, have I not cause to fume, Fix'd in a dog-hole, much miscall'd a room. In one dark corner on the dingy floor My bed, uncurtain'd, rests behind the door; A crazy pitcher in another stands, Whose crack demands the lift of cautious hands. My table rocks, unless one leg, too short, Is steadied by a tatter'd book's support. On either side a paralytic chair, Rush-bottom'd one—one cover'd—once—with hair,

Bids you manœuvre, ere you sit, to know Which corner is securely propped below. But little ink is requisite to clear The scanty inventory of my gear; A stripe of curtain,—that too in its wane, Fluttering before a broken window pane; A closet holding half a sack of coals; A lidless kettle, furnish'd well—with holes. Oft tongs just half a pair, constrain'd to do— When I've a fire—the work of poker too. Two tea-cups, odd, with saucers oddly match'd; Two pewter spoons, one with initials scratch'd; A scrap of glass, scarce large enough to show My chin's dimensions when my beard I mow. 'Mid things like these a bottle does not stand ill, The belly water holds, the neck a candle. With goods like these my palace well accords, Whose ceiling bears the mark of many lords, That, resolute to leave behind a name, Have traced their letters with the candle's flame. The surface, peeling from the scaly wall Of many colours, gives a patch of all; Green, salmon-colour, modest grey, and blue, With tawdry yellow mottled, start to view, And here and there a brick stands peeping through, Midst crevices, whence issue forth each night The vermin horrid that plague, and make me long for light.

"I bear all this—then be not you cast down; But, my dear fellow—lend me half a crown."

Some very neat engravings ornament this publication, which, if weeded of half a dozen improprieties, might be more freely mentioned, on account of the ability which it evinces. It is lamentable that a person of the writer's talents, should possess the experience necessary for the work; and it is to be regretted, that he has suffered some of the taints of his unfortunate situation to stain pages, otherwise deserving of praise. So true it is, that he who toucheth pitch will be defiled. A story of a bailiff tricked into an expensive dinner at Brunet's hotel, by a person in possession of a day-rule, or protection from arrest, is pretty much in the Colman style.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY. 2 vols. 8vo. (continued.)

Methodism must now be considered as having taken root in the land. Meeting Houses were erected in various parts, settled upon Wesley as the head and sole director of the society. Funds were raised, and a plan of finance established. Preachers and assistants provided. To this stage Methodism had arrived in 1742, when its founder lost his mother. Two of Wesley's sisters were miserably married, a third to a clergyman named Whitelamb, and the fourth died of a broken heart. Wesley preached seven evenings in succession from the tombstone of his father at Epworth, and the historian says "Some remarkable circumstances attended Wesley's preaching in these parts. Some of his opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, took up a whole waggon load of Methodists, and carried them before a justice. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was an awkward silence; at last one of the accusers said, 'Why, they pretended to be better than other people; and, besides, they prayed from morning till night.' The magistrate asked if they had done nothing else.—'Yes, Sir,' said an old man, 'an't please your worship, they have converted my wife. Till she went among them she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb!'—'Carry them back, carry them back,' said the magistrate, and let them convert all the scolds in the town." "Methodism as we have just stated had assumed form and consistency. Meeting-houses had been built, societies formed and disciplined, funds raised, rules enacted, lay preachers admitted, and a regular system of itinerancy begun. Its furious symptoms had subsided, the affection had reached a calmer stage of its course, and there were no longer any of those outrageous exhibitions which excited scandal and compassion, as well as astonishment. But Wesley continued, with his constitutional fervour, to preach the doctrines of instantaneous regeneration, assurance, and sinless perfection." The populace however began to persecute

the new sect; and, though frequently protected by the local magistracy, and by the laws, some instances occurred in which the former forgot their duties, and the latter were outraged. Wesley himself, had more than once very narrow escapes with life and limb; and his followers were often treated with great brutality. As the rebellion of 1745 approached, they suffered in proportion to the belief that they were disaffected and dangerous. In Cornwall, especially, the founder was maltreated; and Nelson, Maxfield, and others, were pressed, imprisoned, and ill-used. Field-preaching thus became a service of great danger; and it is worth while to record, that itinerancy was very different from what it would be in the present day, for then there were no turnpikes in England, and no stage-coach which went farther than York. In many parts of the northern counties, neither coach nor chaise had ever been seen, and Wesley usually travelled on horseback, accompanied by one of his preachers, and reading as he rode. Some idea of the hardships endured may be gathered from the following extract.

"At the commencement of his errantry, he (Wesley) had sometimes to bear with an indifference and insensibility in his friends, which was more likely than any opposition to have abated his ardour. He and John Nelson rode from common to common, in Cornwall, preaching to a people who heard willingly, but seldom or never proffered them the slightest act of hospitality. Returning one day in autumn from one of these hungry excursions, Wesley stopt his horse at some brambles, to pick the fruit. 'Brother Nelson,' said he, 'we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries, for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst that ever I saw for getting food. Do the people think that we can live by preaching?' They were detained some time at St. Ives, because of the illness of one of their companions; and their lodging was little better than their fare. 'All that time,' says John, 'Mr. Wesley and I lay on the floor: he had my greatcoat for his pillow, and I had Burket's Notes on the New Testament for mine. After being here near three weeks, one morning, about three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake, clapped me on the side, saying, 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer, I have one whole side yet; for the skin is off but on one side.'"

It is worth adding, that Wesley was finely alive to the effects of natural situation in the spots which he selected for his preaching; inasmuch that some of his landscapes are drawn with all the enthusiasm of a feeling and skilful artist.

It may be supposed that the Methodist labours were most effectual among the middle and lower orders. Wesley, "writing to some Earl, who took a lively interest in the revival of religion, which, through the impulse given, directly or indirectly, by Methodism, was taking place, he says, 'To speak rough truth, I do not desire any intercourse with any persons of quality in England. I mean, for my own sake. They

do me no good, and, I fear, I can do none to them.' To another correspondent he says, 'I have found some of the uneducated poor who have exquisite taste and sentiment; and many, very many of the rich, who have scarcely any at all.'—'In most genteel religious people there is so strange a mixture, that I have seldom much confidence in them. But I love the poor; in many of them I find pure genuine grace, unmingled with paint, folly, and affectation.' And again, 'How unspeakable is the advantage in point of common sense, which middling people have over the rich! There is so much paint and affectation, so many unmeaning words and senseless customs among people of rank, as fully justify the remark made 1700 years ago, *Sensus communis in illa fortuna rarus*.'—'Tis well,' he says, 'a few of the rich and noble are called. Oh! that God would increase their number. But I should rejoice, were it the will of God, if it were done by the ministry of others. If I might choose, I should still, as I have done hitherto, preach the gospel to the poor.' Preaching in Monk-town church, (one of the three belonging to Pembroke,) a large old ruinous building, he says, 'I suppose it has scarce had such a congregation in it during this century. Many of them were gay genteel people; so I spake on the first elements of the gospel: but I was still out of their depth. Oh, how hard it is to be shallow enough for a polite audience! Yet Wesley's correspondence with the few persons over whom he obtained any influence in higher life, though written with honest and conscientious freedom, is altogether untainted with any of that alloy which too frequently appeared when he was addressing those of a lower rank.

"But though Wesley preferred the middling and lower classes of society to the rich, the class which he liked least were the farmers. 'In the little journeys which I have lately taken,' he says, 'I have thought much of the huge encomiums which have been for many ages bestowed on a country life. How have all the learned world cried out,

*O fortunati nimium, bona si sua norint,
Agricolæ!*

But, after all, what a flat contradiction is this to universal experience! See the little house, under the wood, by the river side! There is rural life in perfection. How happy, then, is the farmer that lives there!—Let us take a detail of his happiness. He rises with, or before the sun, calls his servants, looks to his swine and cows, then to his stable and barns. He sees to the ploughing and sowing his ground in winter or in spring. In summer and autumn he hurries and sweats among his mowers and reapers. And where is his happiness in the mean time? Which of these employments do we envy? Or do we envy the delicate repast which succeeds, which the poet so languishes for?

*O quando faba, Pythagoræ cognata, simlque
Uncta satia pingui ponentur olascula lardo!*

Oh the happiness of eating beans well greased with fat bacon; nay, and cabbage too!

Was Horace in his senses when he talked thus? or the servile herd of his imitators? Our eyes and ears may convince us there is not a less happy body of men in all England than the country farmers. In general their life is supremely dull; and it is usually unhappy too; for, of all people in the kingdom, they are the most discontented, seldom satisfied either with God or man. Wesley was likely to judge thus unfavourably of the agricultural part of the people, because they were the least susceptible of Methodism. At this era of Methodism, "even where it was well established, and, on the whole, flourishing, there were great fluctuations, and Wesley soon found how little he could depend upon the perseverance of his converts. Early in his career he took the trouble of enquiring into the motives of seventy-six persons, who, in the course of three months, had withdrawn from one of his societies in the north.—The result was curious. Fourteen of them said they left it because otherwise their ministers would not give them the sacrament:—these, be it observed, were chiefly Dissenters. Nine, because their husbands or wives were not willing they should stay in it. Twelve, because their parents were not willing. Five, because their master and mistress would not let them come. Seven, because their acquaintance persuaded them to leave it. Five, because people said such bad things of the Society. Nine, because they would not be laughed at. Three, because they would not lose the poor's allowance. Three more, because they could not spare time to come. Two, because it was too far off. One, because she was afraid of falling into fits:—her reason might have taught Wesley a useful lesson. One, because people were so rude in the street. Two, because *Thomas Naisbit* was in the Society. One, because he would not turn his back on his baptism. One, because the Methodists were *mere Church-of-England-men*. And one, because it was time enough to serve God yet. The character of the converts, and the wholesome discipline to which they were subject, is still farther exhibited, by an account of those who, in the same time, had been expelled from the same Society:—they were, two for cursing and swearing, two for habitual Sabbath-breaking, seventeen for drunkenness, two for retailing spirituous liquors, three for quarrelling and brawling, one for beating his wife, three for habitual wilful lying, four for railing and evil speaking, one for idleness and laziness, and nine-and-twenty for lightness and carelessness.—It would be well for the community if some part of this discipline were in general use."

The aid of lay-preachers was very unpalatable to Wesley at first; but it was forced upon him by circumstances, and in the individual cases zeal was the only qualification which he required. "If the aspirant possessed no other requisite for his work, and failed to produce an effect upon his hearers, his ardour was soon cooled, and he withdrew quietly from the field; but such cases were not very frequent. The gift of voluble utterance is the commonest of all gifts; and

when the audience are in sympathy with the speaker, they are easily affected": the understanding makes no demand, provided the passions find their food. But, on the other hand, when enthusiasm was united with strength of talents and of character, Wesley was a skilful preceptor, who knew how to discipline the untutored mind, and to imbue it thoroughly with his system. "No founder of a monastic order ever more entirely possessed the respect, as well as the love and admiration of his disciples; nor better understood their individual characters, and how to deal with each according to the measure of his capacity. Where strength of mind and steadiness were united with warmth of heart, he made the preacher his counsellor as well as his friend: when only simple zeal was to be found, he used it for his instrument as long as it lasted. An itinerant, who was troubled with doubts respecting his call, wrote to him in a fit of low spirits, requesting that he would send a preacher to supersede him in his circuit, because he believed he was out of his place. Wesley replied in one short sentence, 'Dear brother, you are indeed out of your place; for you are reasoning, when you ought to be praying.' And this was all. Thus tempering his authority, sometimes with playfulness, and always with kindness, he obtained from his early followers an unhesitating, a cheerful, and a devoted obedience. One of them, whom he had summoned from Bristol to meet him at Holyhead, and accompany him to Ireland, set out on foot, with only three shillings in his pocket. It is a proof how confidently such a man might calculate upon the kindness of human nature, that, during six nights out of seven, this innocent adventurer was hospitably entertained by utter strangers, and when he arrived he had one penny left. John Jane (such was his name) did not long survive this expedition: he brought on a fever by walking in exceeding hot weather; and Wesley, recording his death in his journal, concludes in this remarkable manner:—'All his clothes, linen and woollen, stockings, hat, and wig, are not thought sufficient to answer his funeral expenses, which amount to 1*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.* All the money he had was 1*s.* 4*d.*—Enough for any unmarried preacher of the gospel to leave to his executors!"

Mr. Southey gives us here brief epitomes of the 'Experiences' of some of the early coadjutors in Methodist proselytism, such as John Oliver, John Pevsion, Alexander Mather, Thomas Olivers, John Haime, Sampson Staniforth, George Story, &c. whose lives present considerable variety, and

* Sewel relates, with all simplicity and sincerity, in his History of the Quakers, that his mother, a Dutch woman, preached in her native language to a congregation of English Friends, and that though they did not understand a single word, they were nevertheless edified by the discourse.—A man returned from attending one of Whitefield's sermons, and said it was good for him to be there: the place, indeed, was so crowded, that he had not been able to get near enough to hear him; "but then," "I saw his blessed wig!"

amusing biographical incident. The wives of itinerant preachers came to be allowed 4*s.* per week, during the absence of their husbands, and 1*l.* per quarter for each child. When the husband was at home, 1*s.* 6*d.* a day was allowed for his board, at the rate of 6*d.* for dinner, and 4*d.* for breakfast, tea, and supper. When invited out the allowance was deducted. In 1748, Kingswood School, near Bristol, was also, through the bounty of Lady Maxwell, established for the education of fifty boys, and some very small provision was made for the preachers themselves. The annual conferences began in 1744, when J. Wesley, C. Wesley, four other clergymen, and four lay co-operators, met for the first time on the affairs of the society.

"Wesley never departed willingly or knowingly from the doctrines of the Church of England, in which he had been trained up, and with which he was conscientiously satisfied after full and free enquiry. Upon points which have not been revealed, but are within the scope of reason, he formed opinions for himself, which were generally clear, consistent with the Christian system, and creditable, for the most part, both to his feelings and his judgment. But he laid no stress upon them, and never proposed them for more than they were worth." "The true gospel," said he, "touches the very edge both of Calvinism and Antinomianism, so that nothing but the mighty power of God can prevent our sliding either into the one or the other." Many of his associates and followers fell into both. He always declared himself clearly and strongly against both; though at the expense of some inconsistency, when he preached of a sanctification which left the subject liable to sin, of an assurance which was not assured, and of an imperfect perfection. It was his opinion that there is a chain of beings advancing by degrees from the lowest to the highest point,—from an atom of unorganized matter, to the highest of the archangels; an opinion consonant to the philosophy of the bards, and confirmed by science, as far as our physiological knowledge extends. He believed in the ministry both of good and evil angels; but whether every man had a guardian angel to protect him, as the Romanists hold, and a malignant demon continually watching to seduce him into the ways of sin and death, this he considered as undetermined by revelation, and therefore doubtful. Evil thoughts he held to be infused into the minds of men by the evil principle; and that "as no good is done, or spoken, or thought by any man, without the assistance of God working together in and with those that believe in him; so there is no evil done, or spoken, or thought, without the assistance of the Devil, 'who worketh with energy in the children of unbelief.' His notions of diabolical agency went further than this: he imputed to it many of the accidents and discomforts of life,—disease, bodily hurts, storms and earthquakes, and nightmare: he believed that epilepsy was often, or always the effect of possession, and that most madmen were demoniaes. A belief in witchcraft naturally

followed from these premises; but, after satisfying his understanding that supernatural acts and appearances are consistent with the order of the universe, sanctioned by Scripture, and proved by testimony too general and too strong to be resisted, he invalidated his own authority, by listening to the most absurd tales with implicit credulity, and recording them as authenticated facts. He adhered to the old opinion, that the devils were the gods of the heathen; and he maintained, that the words in the Lord's Prayer, which have been rendered *evil*, mean, in the original, *the wicked one*, 'emphatically so called, the prince and god of this world, who works with mighty power in the children of disobedience.'

"One of his most singular notions was concerning the day of judgment. He thought it probable that its duration would be several thousand years, that the place would be above the earth, and that the circumstances of every individual's life would then be brought forth in full view, together with all their tempers, and all the desires, thoughts, and intents of their hearts. This he thought absolutely necessary for the full display of the glory of God, for the clear and perfect manifestation of his wisdom, justice, power, and mercy. 'Then only,' he argued, 'when God hath brought to light all the hidden things of darkness, will it be seen that wise and good were all his ways; that he saw through the thick cloud, and governed all things by the wise counsel of his own will; that nothing was left to chance or the caprice of men, but God disposed all strongly, and wrought all into one connected chain of justice, mercy, and truth.' Whether the earth and the material heavens would be consumed by the general conflagration, and pass away, or be transmuted by the fire into that sea of glass like unto crystal, which is described in the Apocalypse as extending before the throne, we could neither affirm nor deny, he said; but we should know hereafter. He held the doctrine of the millennium to be scriptural; but he never fell into those wild and extravagant fancies, in which speculations of this kind so frequently end. The Apocalypse is the favorite study of crazy religionists; but Wesley says of it, 'Oh, how little do we know of this deep book! at least, how little do I know! I can barely conjecture, not affirm, any one point concerning that part of it which is yet unfulfilled.'

"He entertained some interesting opinions concerning the brute creation, and derived whatever evils inferior creatures endure, or inflict upon each other, from the consequence of the Fall. In Paradise they existed in a state of happiness, enjoying will and liberty: their passions and affections were regular, and their choice always guided by their understanding, which was perfect in its kind. 'What,' says he, 'is the barrier between men and brutes,—the line which they cannot pass? It is not reason. Set aside that ambiguous term; exchange it for the plain word understanding, and who can deny that brutes have this? We may as well deny that they have sight or hearing. But it

is this: man is capable of God; the inferior creatures are not.'

(To be concluded.)

Poetical Tributes to the Memory of his late Majesty. Anon. London, 1820. pp. 22.

These tributes consist of an Elegy and a Monody; the former was offered to us in MS. and our opinion of its merits was shown by admitting it into the *Literary Gazette*. The Monody breathes the same feeling and pathos; and if we transcribe only a brief passage or two, the reason is, that we would not subtract too much from the novelty of so small a work by disproportioned quotation.

No! 'tis the thousand touching ties,
The progeny of lengthen'd days,
That to thy people's heart supplies
Remembrance of thy treasure'd praise.
We trace thee thro' each stage of life,
Or bless'd by peace, or wrang'd by strife,
The hour of dread, the day of pride,
When Victory shone, tho' Nelson died,
When war her later ensigns furled,
And Britain raised a prostrate world.

We follow thro' each private scene,
With our own being thine unite,
For few another King have seen,
Few bask'd beneath an earlier light.
Thou wert the King—confirm'd in pow'r
Ere many a prattling babe began
To lip thy name, whose present hour,
Hath enter'd the last stage of man.

Thou wert the King; thy glorious name
Sent the young warrior forth to fame,
Whose guerdon'd head now silvery gray,
Bends 'neath the pressure of decay.

That grandsire of a numerous race,
With faltering tongue can just retrace
The time, when he to beauty's ear
The promise of his youth could bring,
"Oh! thou shalt be as Charlotte dear,
I will be faithful as my King."

Benignant monarch—friend of man,
Be this thy praise thro' every age;
Nor that denied, which time may scan
Thro' history's remotest page;
That to thy promise strictly just,
No power could lure thee from thy trust:
Unscared—untempted, still thy feet
The thorny path of duty trod,
Prepar'd with all events to meet,
And fearing nothing, but thy God.

This poem is subscribed B. H. Twickenham; the other, C. C. T. Cambridge, whence we presume that they are the production of different writers. Both appear to us to be elegant and touching.

An Elegy on the Death of his late Majesty. By Mrs. Cockle. 4to. pp. 8.

This is a tribute from a female pen, on the same melancholy occasion with the foregoing. It dwells upon the recognition among blessed souls of those who were dearest to the monarch on earth. A short extract allusive to the

Princess Charlotte will suffice to show how this is done.

And she too comes to lead him on his way,
England's own star of gladness—she who shone,
In the pure brightness of her morning ray,
The last—the lovely—the lamented One.
She was enshrined like Him within the hearts,
And with strong grasp affection held her there,
Like some dear thought with which we would not part,
That seems to mingle in each silent pray'r.

Scoreby's Account of the Arctic Regions, &c.

(Continued.)

We must pass over the proofs of a north-west passage, so clearly derived from the currents in these seas; the theory on the waves; and the particular notices of all the various sorts of ice; merely observing, with respect to the latter, that its extensive body,—

Which, with occasional tracts of land, occupies the northern extremity of the earth, and prevents all access to the regions immediately surrounding the Pole, fills, it appears, on an average, a circle of above 2000 geographical miles diameter; and presents an outline which, though subject to partial variations, is found, at the same season of each succeeding year, to be generally similar, and often strikingly uniform.

The place where whales occur in the greatest abundance, is generally found to be in the 78th or 79th degree of north latitude, though from the 72d to the 81st degree they have been met with. These singular animals, which, on account of their prodigious bulk and strength, might be thought entitled to reign supreme in the ocean, are harmless and timid. They seem to prefer those situations which afford them the most secure retreats. Among the ice, they have an occasional shelter; but so far as it is permeable, the security is rather apparent than real. That they are conscious of its affording them shelter, we can readily perceive, from observing, that the course of their flight when scared or wounded, is generally towards the nearest or more compact ice. The place of their retreat, however, is regulated by various circumstances; it may sometimes depend on the quality and quantity of food occurring, the disposition of the ice, or exemption from enemies. At one time, their favourite haunt is amidst the huge and extended masses of the field ice; at another, in the open seas adjacent. Sometimes the majority of the whales inhabiting those seas, seem collected within a small and single circuit; at others, they are scattered in various hordes, and numerous single individuals, over an amazing extent of surface.

In 1817, Captain Scoresby visited the East side of West Greenland; a coast never approached except by ships beset in the ice, since Hudson's voyage, in 1607. He saw the land from the mast head, and had not a fog intervened, thinks that the ice was open

enough to have allowed them to reach the shore of this long lost country.

Some of the particulars respecting the polar ice, are remarkable. For example—

Bay ice, which for weeks has been an increasing pest to the whale fisher, is sometimes removed in the space of a few hours. The destruction is in many cases so rapid, that to an unexperienced observer, the occurrence seems incredible, and rather an illusion of fancy, than a matter of fact. Suppose a ship immovably fixed in bay-ice, and not the smallest opening to be seen: after a lapse of time sufficient only for a moderate repose, imagine a person rising from his bed,—when, behold, the insurmountable obstacle has vanished! Instead of a sheet of ice expanding unbroken to the verge of the horizon on every side, an undulating sea relieves the prospect, wherein floats the wreck of the ice, reduced to a small fraction of its original bulk!

The atmospherology of this region is perhaps more extraordinary. Captain S. relates that—

In the year 1814, when a temperature of zero occurred, we reached the latitude of 70°, without experiencing any cold below 30°; but in less than twenty-four hours, the thermometer fell 25°, and indicated a temperature of 5°. Thus, between the time of my leaving the deck at night, and arising the following morning, there was an increase in the cold of about 20°. This remarkable change was attended with singular effects. The circulation of the blood was accelerated.—a sense of parched dryness was excited in the nose,—the mouth, or rather lips, were contracted in all their dimensions, as by a sphincter, and the articulation of many words was rendered difficult and imperfect; indeed, every part of the body was more or less stimulated or disordered by the severity of the cold. The hands, if exposed, would have been frozen in a few minutes; and even the face could not have resisted the effects of a brisk wind, continued for any length of time. A piece of metal when applied to the tongue, instantly adhered to it, and could not be removed without its retaining a portion of the skin; iron became brittle, and such as was at all of inferior quality might be fractured by a blow; brandy of English manufacture and wholesale strength, was frozen; quicksilver, by a single process, might have been consolidated; the sea, in some places, was in the act of freezing, and in others appeared to smoke, and produced, in the formation of *frost-rime*, an obscurity greater than that of the thickest fog. The subtle principle of magnetism seemed to be, in some way or other, influenced by the frost; for the deck compasses became sluggish, or even motionless, while a cabin compass traversed with celerity. The ship became enveloped in ice; the bows, sides, and lower rigging were loaded; and the rudder, if not repeatedly freed, would, in a short time, have been rendered immovable. A considerable swell at this time prevailing, the

smoke in the cabin, with the doors closed, was so intolerable, that we were under the necessity of giving free admission to the external air to prevent it. The consequence was, that in front of a brisk fire, at the distance of a yard and a half from it, the temperature was 25°; water spilt on the table froze, and, indeed, congelation took place in one situation, at the distance of only two feet from the stove. Hoar-frost also appeared in the sailor's bed cabins, arising from their breath, and was deposited upon their blankets.

Ellis, who wintered in Hudson's Bay in 1746-7, in a creek of Hays's River, latitude 57° 30', remarked several curious effects of cold. In the creek where the vessel lay, much ice appeared on the 5th of October; on the 8th it was covered with a sheet of ice; and on the 31st, the river was frozen over quite hard. By the 3d of November, bottled beer, though wrapped in tow and placed near a good constant fire, was found to be frozen solid; and in the course of the winter, beer casks placed in the ground, at the depth of several feet, froze almost solid, and some of them burst; many of the sailors had their faces, ears, and toes frozen; iron adhered to the fingers; glasses used in drinking stuck to the mouth, and sometimes removed the skin from the lips or tongue: and, a sailor, who inadvertently used his finger for stopping a spirit bottle, in place of a cork, while removing it from the house to his tent, had his finger fast frozen in the bottle; in consequence of which, a part of it was obliged to be taken off, to prevent mortification.

The antiseptical property of frost is rather remarkable. Animal substances, requisite as food, of all descriptions, (fish excepted), may be taken to Greenland, and there preserved any length of time, without being smoked, dried, or salted. No preparation, indeed, of any kind, is necessary for their preparation, nor is any other precaution requisite, excepting suspending them in the air when taken on shipboard, shielding them a little from the sun and wet, and immersing them occasionally in sea-water, or throwing sea-water over them after heavy rains, which will effectually prevent putrescency on the outward passage; and in Greenland, the cold becomes a sufficient preservative, by freezing them as hard as blocks of wood. Beef, mutton, pork, and fowls, (the latter neither plucked nor drawn,) are constantly taken out from England, Shetland, or Orkney, and preserved in this way. When used, the beef cannot be divided but by an axe or a saw; the latter instrument is generally preferred. It is then put into cold water, from which it derives heat by the formation of ice around it, and soon thaws; but if put into hot water, much of the gravy is extracted, and the meat is injured without being thawed more readily. If an attempt be made to cook it before it is thawed, it may be burnt on the outside, while the centre remains raw, or actually in a frozen state. The moisture is well preserved by freezing, a little from the surface only evaporating, so that if cooked when three, four, or five months old, it will frequently

appear as profuse of gravy as if it had been but recently killed. But the most surprising action of the frost, on fresh provision, is in preserving it a long time from putrefaction, even if it is thawed and returns into a warm climate*. I have eaten unsalted mutton and beef nearly five months old, which has been constantly exposed to a temperature above the freezing point for four or five weeks in the onset, and occasionally assailed by the septical influences of rain, fog, heat, and electricity, and yet it has proved perfectly sweet.

A further antiseptical effect is produced by the cold of the polar countries, on animal and vegetable substances, so as to preserve them, if they remain in the same climate, unchanged for a period of many years. "It is observable," says Martens, in his "Voyage to Spitzbergen," "that a dead carcass doth not easily rot or consume, for it has been found, that a man buried ten years before, still retained his perfect shape and dress." An instance corroborative of this remark is given by M. *Bleau*, who, in his *Atlas Historique*, informs us, that the bodies of seven Dutch seamen, who perished in Spitzbergen in the year 1635, when attempting to pass the winter there, were found twenty years afterwards, by some sailors who happened to land about the place where they were interred, in a perfect state, not having suffered the smallest degree of putrefaction.

Wood and other vegetable substances are preserved in a similar manner. During my exploration of the shores of Spitzbergen, in the year 1818, several huts, and some coffins built entirely of wood, were observed. One of the latter appeared, by an adjoining inscription, to contain the body of a native of Britain, who had died in the year 1788; and though the coffin had lain completely exposed, excepting when covered with snow, during a period of thirty years, the wood of which it was composed, not only was undecayed, but appeared quite fresh and new. It was painted red; and the colour even seemed to be but little faded. Things of a similar kind, indeed, have been met with in Spitzbergen, which have resisted all injury from the weather during the lapse of a century.

There is nothing remarkable in the appearance of the sun at midnight, excepting, that when its altitude is very small, it may be viewed with the naked eye, without producing any painful sensation; but when it is more than four or five degrees above the horizon, it generally appears as effulgent as with the same elevation in Britain. The force of the sun's rays is sometimes remark-

* In the year 1808, a leg of mutton which was taken out to Greenland in the ship *Resolution*, returned to Whitby unsalted. It was then allowed to remain on board of the ship, exposed to the sun during two remarkably hot days, when the thermometer in the shade was as high as 80°. After this, it was presented to an epicure in the town; and although it was reduced to about half its original dimensions by the loss of fat, &c. it was declared, when cooked, to be the most exquisite morsel that he had ever tasted.

able. Where they fall upon the snow-clad surface of the ice or land, they are, in a great measure, reflected, without producing any material elevation of temperature; but when they impinge on the black exterior of a ship, the pitch on one side occasionally becomes fluid, while ice is rapidly generated on the other; or while a thermometer, placed against the black paint work on which the sun shines, indicates a temperature of 80 or 90 degrees, or even more, on the opposite side of the ship a cold of 20 degrees is sometime found to prevail.

This remarkable force of the sun's rays, is accompanied with a corresponding intensity of light. A person placed in the centre of a field or other compact body of ice, under a cloudless atmosphere and elevated sun, experiences such an extraordinary intensity of light, that, if it be encountered for any length of time, is not only productive of a most painful sensation in the eyes, but sometimes of temporary, or even, as I have heard, of permanent blindness. Under such circumstances, the use of green glasses affords a most agreeable relief. Some of the Indians in North America defend their eyes by the use of a kind of wooden spectacles, having, instead of glasses, a narrow perpendicular slit, opposite to each eye. This simple contrivance, which intercepts, perhaps, nine-tenths of the light that would reach a naked eye, prevents any painful consequences from the most intense reflection of light that ever occurs.

The state of the winds is very curious.—

Advancing towards the polar regions, we find the irregularities of the winds increased, and their locality more striking:—storms and calms repeatedly alternate, without warning or progression; forcible winds blow in one place, when at the distance of a few leagues, gentle breezes prevail;—a storm from the south, on one hand, exhausts its impetuosity upon the gentle breeze, blowing from off the ice, on the other, without prevailing in the least;—ships within the circle of the horizon may be seen enduring every variety of wind and weather at the same moment; some under close-reefed topsails, labouring under the force of a storm; some becalmed and tossing about by the violence of the waves; and others plying under gentle breezes, from quarters as diverse as the cardinal points. The cause of some of these phenomena, has, in the last chapter, been referred to the frigorific influences of the ice, the accuracy of which opinion, experience and observation confirm.

Lightening seldom occurs to the northward of the arctic circle, and when it does, is hardly ever accompanied by thunder. Hail is very rarely seen; a fact which tends to prove the electrical origin of that aqueous concretion. Snow falls almost daily in April, May, and June. Its particles are astonishingly varied, and most wonderful in their forms, when viewed through the microscope.

Snow of a reddish or brownish colour is not unfrequently seen. The brownish stain which occurs on shore, is given by an earthy substance brought from the mountains, by

the streams of water derived from thawing ice and snow, or the fall of rain; the reddish colour, as far as I have observed, is given by the mute of birds; though, in the example met with by Captain Ross in Baffin's Bay, the stain appears to have been of a vegetable nature. The little auk (*Alca alle*), which feeds upon shrimps, is found, in some parts of the polar seas, in immense numbers. They frequently retreat to pieces of ice or surfaces of snow, and stain them all over red with their mute. Martens saw red snow in Spitzbergen, which he considered as being stained by rain-water running down by the rocks.

In our next we shall extract some of the most interesting zoological intelligence, connected with the whale and other inhabitants of the polar regions.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR DECEMBER, 1819.

Art I. Deux Lettres, &c. Two Letters to Lord Aberdeen, on the Authenticity of the Inscriptions of Fourmont, by M. Raoul Rochette.

M. Fourmont, member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, was commissioned by Louis XV. to travel through Greece, to collect inscriptions, fragments of antiquity, and manuscripts. This academical employed three years on his travels, and came back with a rich harvest of monuments of all kinds. His return made a great sensation; people conceived rather exaggerated hopes of the result of his journey; and he himself, it must be owned, did not a little contribute to encourage these hopes, from not having a very clear idea of the value of the monuments which he had brought with him. He soon went so far as to flatter himself with possessing an ancient copy of the laws of Solon. Nobody, however, entertained any doubt of the veracity of the traveller, and of the authenticity of the inscriptions which composed his collection. Illustrious men of letters, Freret, Torremuzza, Barthelemy, the authors of the "Nouvelle Diplomatique" Pacciaudi Lanzi quoted, translated and enumerated with confidence some of these inscriptions.

That spirit of scepticism, however, which had endeavoured to cast doubts on monuments which are placed beyond the reach of attack, such as the inscriptions of Cyriac of Ancona, the famous eugubian tables, and even the Parian marbles, did not long refrain from trying to impugn the inscriptions of Fourmont. The form (then without authority) of the letters which were met with in some of those inscriptions; the peculiarities of language they contained, and which it was difficult to explain; some new facts which were thought to be contradictory to facts well known, were so many reasons to suspect Fourmont of having designed to impose on the learned world, by monuments forged according to his own fancy. What especially contributed to give weight to this opinion, was a letter from Fourmont to M. de Maurepas, in which he confesses having

caused marbles to be broken, mutilated and buried, after having copied the characters carved on them.* This barbarous proceeding may have been suggested to Fourmont by a mistaken zeal, to insure to his country the honour of being the first to publish such rare monuments; but people rather saw in it a precaution to conceal his frauds, and to destroy the traces of his imposture.

These doubts were already much diffused in the learned world, and the prejudice (for we may call by this name an opinion, the grounds of which had not been duly weighed,) against the authenticity of the inscriptions of Fourmont began to take root, when a learned English hellenist, M. R. Payne Knight, at the end of his book on the Greek Alphabet, attacked in form the inscriptions of Sparta and Amyclæ, which are the most ancient. As he had made no use of the inscriptions of Fourmont in the course of his work, he thought himself called upon to explain the reasons which had induced him entirely to neglect them.

Hitherto the arguments of Mr. R. P. Knight had remained unanswered: the authority of so distinguished a writer had not a little contributed to confirm the opinion already established; and the inscriptions of Fourmont, instead of enriching the number of printed collections of this kind, have remained buried in the port-folios of the Royal Library.

Within a few years, however, more favorable opinions were beginning to be entertained of these inscriptions: the letters which had appeared the most strange, the forms of speech which had seemed the most suspicious, were found again upon Grecian vases, medals, and marbles, which were gradually discovered. The inscriptions which Fourmont took for a copy of the laws of Solon, were found to be extremely curious inscriptions relative to the internal government of Athens, and shewing the same peculiarities of language and orthography as the Choisen marbles, discovered since the death of Fourmont; their authenticity could not be liable to the smallest doubt. As the falsehood of the whole had been inferred from a small number of doubtful traits, people were now inclined to believe the authenticity of the greater part of these inscriptions, from the incontestable authenticity of some of them, so that the Academy of Berlin had an exact copy taken, which it preserves in its archives, and intends to publish.

Meantime the difficulties raised by Mr. R. P. Knight were not yet removed; many persons; though allowing the authenticity of a great number of these inscriptions, retained their doubts respecting the most ancient; namely those of Sparta and Amyclæ; and persisted in believing that the objections of Mr. R. P. Knight were unanswerable. Lord Aberdeen, in a letter, which Mr. T. Walpole has inserted in his Memoirs relative

* Mr. Dodwell, in his Travels in Greece (Vol. I. p. 406.) informs us that the remembrance of this infamous proceeding of Fourmont is still preserved in the environs of Sparta. See *Lit. Gas.* of last year.

to Turkey, has very lately revived a part of them.

It is on occasion of this letter that Mr. Raoul Rochette has been induced to address to Lord Aberdeen two letters, in which he examines, one by one, and repels the assertions of Mr. R. P. Knight. The general impression which results from the reading of these letters is, that Mr. Knight has suffered himself to be carried rather too far by the desire of taking from the inscriptions of Fourmont all authority; which alone can explain how inaccurate and false assertions can have escaped a man so ingenious and so well informed.*

After this introduction Mr. Letronne enters into a detailed examination of Mr. R. Rochette's refutation of the opinion of Mr. Knight; he thinks that the author of the letters has shewn Mr. R. P. Knight's objections to be ill-founded. It must be observed that Mr. R. Rochette does not in any way prejudice the question of the authenticity of the inscriptions of Fourmont. The form of his work is wholly negative; he combats the arguments that have been used against their authenticity; he merely seeks to place the question on the same footing as it was before an unfavourable prejudice had arisen and taken root. He wishes it may be believed that Fourmont was a man of no great ability, but not a forger; leaving it to a future time to furnish positive proofs of the veracity of that traveller.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

RUSSIAN EXPEDITION TO THE FROZEN OCEAN.

Lieutenant Lasarew, of the Imperial Navy, who made a voyage last year into the Frozen Ocean, with the brig *Nowaja Semlja*, has just published an account of his expedition. The brig was fitted out at Archangel. The crew consisted of fifty persons, including the Commander Lasarew, two lieutenants, a midshipman, a surgeon, pilot, &c. The brig sailed from Archangel June 9th, O. S. The plan was, to go first to Waygat's Straits, and then to sail round Nova Zembla, and take a survey of the coast. After incredible difficulties, with which they had to contend owing to the immense accumulation of ice, they at length reached the entrance of Waygat's Straits, on the 27th of July; but were unable to enter it, on account of the ice. The coast was frequently seen from the vessel; but it was so blocked up with solid ice that it was impossible to go on shore. The continued fogs and the cold proved injurious to the health of the crew. The navigators did not discover any sign of vegetation: the country was covered with snow. It seems indeed that there is a greater accumulation of ice in that part of the sea than there formerly was; for the Russian hunters do not go to Nova Zembla, but rather to the

* This is the opinion of Messrs. R. Rochette and Letronne; from whom, with all due humility, we beg leave most essentially to differ.—*Edi. L. G.*

more remote Spitzbergen, to chase the white bear, &c.

After the brig had reached 72° 2' North latitude, and 50° 8' East longitude (from Greenwich,) and had surveyed some points of the coast, the season for navigating those seas being passed, she returned to Archangel. In sailing in different directions between the ice, the brig reached 73° 26' North latitude, in longitude 48° 54' East from Greenwich, on the 9th of August. The thermometer of Reaumur fell on that day from half a degree above, to two and a half deg. below zero. Three of the crew died during the voyage; and on their return to Archangel, on the 4th September, O. S., there were only six of the sailors able to do the duty of the ship, so that the officers were obliged to perform the duty of sailors.

GERMAN DRAMA.

The name of Grillparzer, though not very familiar to English ears, is heard with pleasure in the literary circles of Germany; and though the author is a young man, he has made considerable progress in public opinion. Of all his productions, that which seems to have excited the greatest admiration, is a tragedy founded on the classic story of Sappho and Phaon. From the enthusiasm with which it has been received on the continent, we are gratified in being able to announce that a translation of it is on the eve of publication, by a gentleman whose name is not unknown in the literary world. We have been favoured with the following extracts from this play, and submit them to our readers, in the supposition that they may create an interest in them to peruse the whole. Phaon is giving an account of the impression which the first sight of Sappho made upon his mind—

I cannot but remember that thy form
In godlike attributes still stood before me,
When'er this trembling hand dared touch the lyre.

When, mid the joyous circle of my friends,
Within the precincts of my parents' hearth
I sat, Theano, my good sister, brought
Thy songs, enshrined among the household gods,
To sing thy glorious minstrelsy, O Sappho!
How quickly childhood's self was mute, and how,
How the girls circled round, solicitous
That not one homied syllable be lost.
But when she, breathless with emotion, sang
In glowing numbers of the love-sick youth,
All the fond praises of the queen of love,
And of the maid who wept the livelong night,
How did attention charm each ear, and swell
Each bosom with desire; how did they chide
Each breath of air that seemed an interruption!
Then did Theano, resting on her arm,
With eye upturned on vacancy, exclaim,
What are the features of this wondrous woman?
Methinks e'en now I see her: by the Gods!
I'd point her out, though mingled with a thousand.

Then was the chain of every tongue set loose,
And each one put his fancy on the rack
To deck thee with some lovely attribute:
One gave Minerva's eye, one Hebe's arm,
A third the magic girdle of love's queen.
But I alone arose, and wandered forth
Into the silent solitude of night,
Where Nature's pulse seemed sweetly slumbering;

There did I stretch my arms for thee;
Then, as the silver radiance of the moon
Played on my forehead, and the night-breeze cooled

The fever of my brow, then thou wert mine;
Then thou wert truly mine! and then I felt
Thy near approach, and Sappho's image swam
Upon the light and lovely clouds of heaven.

And when my father sent me to the games
Of famed Olympia, how some inward voice
In whispers told me Sappho should bear off
Th' immortal wreath of music and of song!
How my heart burned within me with desire,
To see her lovely form! My courser sunk
Exhausted ere Olympia rose before me.
I came; but not the rapid-coursing cars,
The wrestler's art, nor the disk's joyous game,
Could entrance win into my prisoned soul.
I cared not who might bear away the crown;
I was to gain the loveliest and the best,
In seeing her who was the crown of women.
But when the great and awful day arrived,
Destined to view the rivalry of song,
Alcæus and Anacreon stood forth,
But sang in vain; they could not loose the spell
That bound my senses up. But, hark! the voice

Of mingled murmur rises from the throng,
That separating leave a vacancy.
She comes! she comes! and in her hand a lyre
Of polished gold. Above the multitude,
Mute with astonishment, she stood: her robe
Of white, that flowed down to her delicate feet,
Showed like a streamlet o'er a bed of lilies.
Green palm of laurel interwoven, formed
The border of her robe, and imaged glory.
Happy device! that thus at once expressed
The poet's object and his recompence.
And, like the crimson-coloured clouds of morn,
Veiling the bright pavilion of the sun,
A purple mantle flowed around her shoulders;
While thro' the raven tresses of her forehead,
Shone her white brow, whose arch of majesty
Proclaimed superiority and triumph.
Something within me whispered it was she:
It was thyself! How the rejoicing throng
Confirmed my fond imaginings, and raised
The name of Sappho to the clouds of heaven!
Then came thy song, and with it victory.
And, in the moment of extatic rapture,
When from thy hand the lyre down dropped, I rushed

Through the close multitude, and caught thine eye,
Then shrank abashed, and covered with confusion.

Thou know'st the sequel better than myself,
For still I seem wrapt in a reverie,
And ask myself what is reality,
And what the splendid colouring of a vision!

The other extract is from the last scene, where, previous to her precipitating herself into the sea, she generously gives the hand of Phaon to her rival.

O ye, the sacred denizens of heaven!
Who have endowed me with such numerous blessings,

The gift of song, and all its inspiration;
A heart to feel, a mind to think, and power
To image to myself a form like his.

Ye have endowed me with these noble gifts,
And for these blessings, I return ye thanks.
Ye've sown my poetry in distant realms,
To bud and blossom to eternity.

My golden songs are on the tongues of strangers,
And only with the earth my fame shall perish.
I thank ye! Ye have given your poetess
To sip, but drink not of life's flower-crowned cup.

Lo! here I stand, obedient to your mandates,
And from my lips dash down the flower-wreath-
ed cup.

I have e'er done as you commanded me;
Deny me not life's final recompence.
Those who belong to you know not disease,
Know not the weaknesses of mortal sickness;
In the full prime and blossom of existence,
You summon them to your celestial mansions.
Grant that my destiny be like to theirs!
Oh, suffer not your priestess to become
A name of scorn unto your enemies,
To fools, who in their own conceit are wise!
You have destroyed the flower—break now the
stem!

Oh let me finish life as I began it;
Preserve me from the terrors of this trial,
I feel myself too weak to wrestle longer;
Give me my crown, acquit me in the field,
(With an air of inspiration.)
The flame of yonder altar burns more bright;
Aurora bursts from the unfolding east;—
At last my prayers are heard; ye gods, I thank
ye!

Come Phaon and Melitta! here!—A friend
From a far country kisses thee.

(Kissing Phaon's brow.)
Thy mother
From the tomb sends this kiss to thee.

(Kissing Melitta.)
And now,
Here at the altar of immortal Venus.
Let the dark fate of love be consummated.

(Hurries towards the altar)
[Rhamnos, one of her attendants.]
What do I see? what inspiration breathes
Over her features? The celestial splendour
Of the immortals seems to circle round her!

[Sappho hurries to an elevation of the shore,
stretches forth her hands, and blesses
the Lovers.]

Give love to men and reverence to the gods!
Enjoy your blessings, but forget not Sappho!
Thus I discharge the final debt of life—
Bless them, ye Gods! and take me to yourselves!
[She precipitates herself from the rock.]

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hydrophobia.—Signior Salvatori, at Petersburg, asserts that the inhabitants of Gadici have discovered a remedy for Hydrophobia. Near the ligament of the tongue, it is said, of the creature bitten and becoming rabid, pustules of a whitish hue make their appearance, and open spontaneously about the thirteenth day after the bite; at which period the first symptoms of true hydrophobia occur. If these pustules are opened on the ninth day after the bite, the ichor spit out, and the parts well washed with salt water, the fatal effects of the disorder are prevented.—*Bibl. Ital.*

Natural Phenomena.—On the 3d of August the shock of another earthquake was experienced in India. In Java, on the 8th of March, it rained so heavily for 24 hours, that many hills in the territory of Diagorogo burst with the weight of water with which they were saturated. On the 29th a severe earthquake was felt. The shock, thrice repeated, was so violent as to clash the sabres hanging on the walls of the barracks against each other, as if persons were fighting with them.

IRON BOAT.—A passage boat of malleable iron now plies on the Forth and Clyde Canal. It is called *The Vulcan*, and succeeds to admiration. The length is 63 feet; beam, 13 feet; depth, 5 feet; draught of water when launched, 22 inches abaft, and 19 inches forward—when fitted with cabins, &c. 37 and 25 inches—when laden with 200 passengers and their baggage, under 48 inches, on an even keel. The weight of iron employed was twelve tons, 11½ cwt. which is less than a wooden vessel of the same dimensions. The iron is of the kind called *Scrap*.

Dr. Marcet has confirmed by experiment Dr. Wollaston's hypothesis, that all seawater contains a small portion (say 1-2000th part) of potash. Dr. W. thinks it exists in the state of sulphate.

AMBER.—Dr. Brewster maintains, from a multitude of examinations, that amber is an *indurated vegetable juice*.

Coal Gas.—Mr. Clegg has contrived a new apparatus, by which he can produce 25,000 cubic feet of coal-gas from one chaldron of Newcastle Wall's-End coal, without generating either tar or ammoniacal liquor; being 15,000 cubic feet more than was formerly produced. The coal is introduced by a mechanical process, in strata, not exceeding half an inch in thickness. In this way the retorts are kept at a uniform heat, and the coal is completely and rapidly decomposed; so that the whole of the hydrogen combines with the charcoal, constituting olefiant gas; and the matter which usually escaped in the form of tar and ammoniacal liquor, is also perfectly decomposed. The expense of producing 50,000 cubic feet of gas in 24 hours, on the old plan, is 3817.; upon the new plan, 1123.; and the expense of producing an equal quantity of light from oil, 19,010f.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, APRIL 1.

In a full convocation holden on Thursday, March 23, it was decreed, for the purpose of recording the grateful sense entertained by the University of the many acts of favour and munificence which his Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer upon it, that a Term should be granted, to be considered and counted as statutable kept for any one Degree for which the Candidate may wish to claim it, to all those who were actual Members of the University, on the 29th of January, being the day of his Majesty's accession to the throne.

On Wednesday, March 22, the Rev. T. Loveday, M. A. Fellow of Magdalen College, was admitted Bacheor in Divinity. On Monday, March 27, the last day of Lent Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Doctors in Medicine.—Jeremiah Gladwin Cloves and Francis Willis, Brasenose Col.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. Archibald Charles Henry Morrison, Wadham College; Augustus Asgill Colville, Student of Christchurch; Frederick Dawson, Oriel College.

The whole number of Degrees in Lent Term was—D. D. three; D. Med. three; B. D. ten; M. A. incorp. one; M. A. twenty; B. A. thirty-four. Determiners one hundred and ninety-nine. Matriculations, one hundred and sixteen.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 31.

Sir Charles Smith, of Trinity College, was on Friday last admitted to the degree of Honorary Master of Arts.

FINE ARTS.

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.

The present exhibition of the British institution in Pall Mall, is to be followed by another, which will prove highly gratifying to the public. The Directors intend to form a collection of the portraits of as many of the eminent characters connected with the English History as they can get together; of course they do not profess to be able to obtain a complete series; but from what we learn, a sufficient number has been already offered to insure a highly interesting exhibition. We imagine that every person who has a well authenticated portrait in his possession, of any distinguished ancestor, will be ready to lend it for the purpose above-mentioned.

The British Gallery will continue open during another week. We intended to have concluded our critique with some notice of the sculpture, and a few general remarks; but our limits forbid.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Sir Thomas Lawrence has been elected President of the Royal Academy, in the room of the late Mr. West. Though more generally known as a portrait than as a historical painter, the extrinsic beauty, grace, and character which his individual likenesses so often possess, seem to raise them to a higher rank than is usually assigned to that branch of the art; while his Satan furnishes a noble example of the extent of his powers were he to devote them to works of the grandest kind. We might notice here, that portrait painting is rather viewed anomalously by men of different opinions; and between the extremes to which its pretensions are exposed, hardly obtains that just medium award to which it is entitled. The mass look upon it with more than its fair proportion of favour, as its preponderance in all our exhibitions fully proves; but, on the other hand, many deny it the honour which it justly deserves; for excellence in this kind requires no mean talent, nor slight cultivation. Rembrandt, Vandyck, and Reynolds, would be immortal through portraiture, had they never done any thing else; and if the greatest attainments in perspective, chiar-oscuro, expression, attitude, colour, draping, foreshortening, design, contribute essentially to the formation of a master, there are none of these which may not be carried to perfection by a painter of portraits.

We are informed, that the new President is likely to put forth his titles to the distinction he has reached, in a striking manner, at the ensuing exhibition, by presenting to the public the celebrated pictures which he has been executing on the continent. Seven or eight of the most renowned and elevated personages in Europe, of the life size*, and in Sir Thomas's best style, are, we understand, ready for Somerset House, where they will undoubtedly add largely to the interest of the approaching annual display.

The mortal remains of Mr. West were publicly interred in St. Paul's on the 29th ult. The funeral, owing to the circumstances of the times, was not so splendidly attended as it would otherwise have been. Still however it was an impressive, solemn, and gorgeous spectacle.

* These are portraits of the Emperor of Russia, Emperor of Austria, King of Prussia, Count Nesselrode, General Czernitschew, Prince Metternich, Prince Schwartzenberg, Prince Hardenberg, the Archduke Charles, the Pope, Cardinal Gonsalvi, the Duc de Richelieu, &c. &c. The likenesses of the Pope and Gonsalvi are, we hear, remarkably fine. The countenance of his Holiness is one of the noblest ever seen. That of Gonsalvi, though nearly a mass of red, (his dress being scarlet, and himself seated in a common chair, with a crimson curtain or drapery) is represented as wonderfully harmonious, and by no means offensive to the eye by its glare. His Majesty, for whom these pictures have been painted, will, we have no doubt, with his accustomed liberality and royal favour towards the arts, grant permission to have as many as the rules permit in the next exhibition.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

To Mr. Martin, the Baker, on his late Victory over the scientific Cabbage.

BY MR. BREAKWINDOW.

Thou Master of the Rolls, whose potent fist
Has swept the garden stuff clean off the list,
Accept this tribute without jeer or gibe,
From one fond votary of the milling tribe:
Long mayst thou, man of crumb, make claret
flow,

And bury thy fist in *flesh* as well as *dough**;
Knead all the *coves* as tight and close
As the Cabbage who did gather
Himself compact, to avoid the blows,
Like *chickweed* in rainy weather.†

Since Randall's mighty genius gone,
The ring's scarce worth the looking on;
Cribb gets the gout,
And can't come out,
And Turner's now too fat to fight,
And Carter's *slum*;
No more can hum,

* Towards the middle of the fight, the report says, "Martin literally buried his fist in the body of Cabbage."

† *Chickweed*. It is well known, possesses this *barometer-like* quality.

‡ *Slum*, anglicised *gammon*. The attractions of this self-elected Champion have pretty well expired.

And Donnelly's bid the world "good night."
So to thee we look now, scientific Martin,
To shew the *coves* the tricks thou'rt smart in.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—*Hamlet*. The young gentleman whom we mentioned a fortnight since, performed *Hamlet* at this Theatre, on Thursday—a day too late in the week for detailed criticism in our publication. He seems to be new, at least to a large stage; and consequently his bye-play is often ungraceful. A stoop, almost habitual, adds to this imperfection. In person and countenance the new actor is otherwise well suited to the part; being tall and genteel, with an expressive face and a fine dark eye. His great deficiency, however, for a task of the magnitude and difficulty of that which he undertook, is the want of passion and force. He struck out little of the fire of *Hamlet*, and seldom rose so high as to merit even partial plaudits. On the other hand, he displayed, in a considerable degree, the rare merit of acting naturally; and thus made an impression on the audience, though far removed from that which a master in the art would produce. In the management of his voice he was unfortunate; and, probably endeavouring to pitch it to the extent of the space around him, he delivered himself in three or four several keys, from the base of an assumed falsetto, to the altitude of his own tones. His play-scene was the best; but, even that finished ineffectively: the rest were similarly unequal. The reception was kind.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Monday a pantomime, originating in the famous nursery tale of *Cinderella*, was produced at this Theatre for the Easter Holidays. It is a very brilliant and superb thing, and meets unanimous and deserved approbation. The introductory part, before the *Harlequinade* begins, is excellent; the fairy-godmother, the best fairy we ever saw upon the stage; and the prince's saloon, where the ball is given and the adventure of losing the slipper ensues, one of the most beautiful scenes imaginable. As a punishment for the neglect of her injunctions, the fairy transforms the parties, and they roam about performing the usual tricks, till the slipper is found. No correction is attempted in this branch of the business; and the pantomime adds another to the long modern list of such as depend entirely on machinery and dancing, but are defective in what ought to be their grand principle, viz. a motive for the various devices, shifts, and acts of the dramatic personæ. We cannot see why a piece of this kind should not be contrived, in which an assignable reason might be given for all the mischievous inventions of the clown, and all the transformations of *Harlequin*. So constructed, a pantomime would be far more amusing than it is, when a mere jumble of senseless scenes.

The Monastery has already furnished a piece (arranged by Mr. T. Hooke) for Covent Garden Theatre.

VARIETIES.

Grand Image.—When the Peishwa's baggage was captured at Nassick, in May 1818, a golden image of the idol Vishnu was found among his family gods and jewels. It was made in 1707, of the finest gold of Ophir, and weighs 370 tolas. Vishnu is reposing on the five-headed serpent (eternity); whose heads are spread into a kind of canopy over the deity; and from each month issues a forked tongue. Vishnu is contemplating and willing the creation of the world; and the creative power, Brahma, in his usual four-faced form, is seen springing from the umbilical region on a lotus. On his right breast is a gem named *Bhugulita*.

Phœnician Navigators.—Some workmen recently digging a cave in the environs of the Cape of Good Hope, discovered the hull of a vessel, built of cedar, and supposed to be the remains of a Phœnician galley. Should this hypothesis be verified, it would prove that the adventurous Tyrians had reached the southern point of Africa.

The largest cataract in Europe has been discovered in the interior of Iceland.

A morse or sea-horse, ten feet long, found its way to the Hebrides, in 1817, and was killed. The inhabitants considered it as a supernatural creature, between their imaginary entity, the *Each Nisg*, or Water Horse, and a non-entity, the *Seilch Nisg*, said to be seen in some of the island lakes, and 12 miles in length.

At Glasgow, an institution is about to be formed for the encouragement of the fine arts. An Annual Exhibition, and Gallery form parts of the plan.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MARCH, 1820.

Thursday, 30.—Thermometer from 31 to 60.

Barometer from 30, 11 to 30, 20.

Wind S. W. and N. by W. — Clouds passing till noon, the rest of the day clear.

Friday, 31.—Thermometer from 29 to 62.

Barometer from 30, 17 to 30, 15.

Wind N. E. and W. by S. 1.—Generally clear. A white frost, and a fog in the morning.

APRIL, 1820.

Saturday, 1.—Thermometer from 31 to 59.

Barometer, from 30, 20 to 30, 15.

Wind W. by S. 1. and 4.—Generally cloudy, sunshine at times.

Sunday, 2.—Thermometer from 42 to 64.

Barometer from 30, 24 to 30, 27.

Wind W. by S. 2. and 4.—Clouds generally passing, clear at times.

Monday, 3.—Thermometer from 45 to 65.

Barometer from 30, 36 to 30, 33.

Wind N. and E. by N. E. — Cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.

Tuesday, 4.—Thermometer from 31 to 60.

Barometer from 30, 18 to 30, 07.

Wind E. by S. 1.—Clear.

Wednesday, 5.—Thermometer from 31 to 70.

Barometer from 30, 01 to 29, 82.

Wind E. E. and S. by W. 1.—Generally clear, clouds passing at times.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor can, he fears, do nothing in the matter mentioned by L. L.: certainly nothing with his present information, which does not enable him even to advise.

Mr. Galt: *C. J. R. & Alpsus, &c. in our next.*
Erratum.—In our last Number, in the Epigram translated from the French, last line but one; for Rascal's term, r. Rascal's a term.

Miscellaneous Advertisements,
(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

The Exhibition of the Works of Modern Artists will, by particular desire, continue open until Saturday, the 15th instant.—(By order)

JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," is now open for Exhibition, at Bullock's Great Room, upstairs to the right, from ten till six.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.
"Fear not Daughter of Zion; behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."

Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

THE Subscribers and Friends to this Institution will celebrate the Sixth Anniversary in Freemason's Hall, on Wednesday, the 12th of April next, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Patron of the Institution, in the Chair. Dinner on Table at half past five. Tickets at one guinea each, to be had at the bar of the Tavern, of the Stewards, and of the Secretary, No. 63, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy-square. This Institution, founded in 1814, has no limitation, no exclusive privileges; its Members consist of Benevolent Subscribers, whose object is by an appeal to public liberality, to extend relief to all distressed Artists, whose works are known and esteemed by the public, and to their Widows and Orphans. Merit and distress form the only claim to its benevolence.

(Signed) JOHN YOUNG, Hon. Sec.

MUSIC.—The new very highly admired patent portable Harp, called DITAL HARPS, constructed upon quite a new principle of action, and which produce all the brilliancy, sweetness of tone, and entire effect of the Pedal Harp, although not one third the size; they accompany the voice, also the Piano-forte, &c. most charmingly, are very elegant, and so easy to learn, that, (by the directions published for learners) Ladies completely instruct themselves in a very little time. The above instruments are constantly ready, in beautiful variety, for the inspection and choice of the Nobility, Gentry, and polite Musical World, at Mr. LIGHT'S, the inventor and patentee, No. 8, Foley Place, Cavendish Square. The prices of the Dital Harps are but from 16 to 20 guineas, handsome cases included; and their weight on the average only 14lb. which renders them so extremely convenient in travelling abroad, &c. N. B. Ladies who may choose to take a few Lessons, may be attended either at Mr. L.'s own house, or at home; the Piano-forte, Singing, and the whole Theory of Music, likewise taught.

A CHRONOLOGICAL CHART, shewing in one view, "The Cotemporary Sovereigns of Europe, from the Norman Conquest of England, to the present time." Price 5s. plain, 7s. finely coloured, and 10s. 6d. Canvas and Rollers. Published by B. J. Holdsworth, 18, (south side) St. Paul's Church-yard, and may be had of all booksellers.

†† As a companion in the study of Modern History, we can strongly recommend it as useful to affix on the walls of a library or school-room.—See *Monthly Magazine*, April 1, 1820.

IN order to guard the Public against the shameful Deceptions, spurious Imitations, and gross Impositions, the Author of *Dr. Syntax* in Search of the Picturesque, thinks it right to state that none of the works attributed to him are genuine, except those illustrated by Rowlandson, and published by Ackermann, 101, Strand.

Valuable Library of Books.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Wednesday, April 20th, at one precisely.

A very Valuable and Splendid LIBRARY of Books, and Books of Prints, a part of the property of a private gentleman, in the best condition, and chiefly in elegant bindings; comprising, in folio and quarto, Woodburn's rare Portraits, 2 vols.; Watts' Works, 6 vols.; Costumes of Hindostan, Turkey, Austria, Russia, and Great Britain, 6 vols.; Lord Valentia's Travels, 8 vols.; Lord Orford's Works, 5 vols.; Penant's London, 2 vols.; Smith's Antiquities of London; Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors; Ireland's Hogarth; Churell's Cabinet of Quadrupeds; Histoire des Plantes, Grasse, 2 vols.; Johnson's Dictionary, 2 vols.; Handel's Songs, 9 vols.; and Salt's Views.

Octavo, Malone's Shakespeare, 16 vols.; Holcroft's Lavater, 4 vols.; Parliamentary, 108 vols.; and many other interesting and valuable Works.

To be viewed two days preceding, when catalogues may be had.

Pictures.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall Piccadilly, on Thursday next, at one precisely.

A valuable Collection of ITALIAN, FRENCH, Flemish, and Dutch Pictures, the property of a private gentleman, recently brought from the Continent, among which are specimens by Tintoretto, Luini, A. Elsheimer, Bloemart, Poussin, Van der Werf, Van Uden, P. Brill, Roysdael, Berghem, Boul & Bodwin, Van Dyck, Jordaeus, Teniers, Brauer, Dusart, Maes, F. Bol, I. Steen, V. der Uit, Heemskirk, Wynants, Artois, Gainsborough.

To be viewed and catalogues had two days preceding.

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Friday, April 21st, precisely at one.

A valuable Collection of Prints by Ancient and Modern Masters, of the different Schools, comprising many rare and fine productions, the sole and genuine property of a private gentleman; among which are a brilliant set of Alexander's Battles, by Adrian and Edelneck, after Le Brun; also a few choice Drawings, in colors, by eminent Artists, particularly a most beautiful set of illuminated Drawings, after the original Pictures by Raphael in the Vatican.

To be viewed and catalogues had two days preceding.

By Auction, by Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian-Hall, Piccadilly, on Monday, April 17, 18, and 19, punctually at one,

THE entire and extensive collection of PORTRAITS, Works of the old Masters, and Miscellaneous Prints, the genuine property of an eminent private Collector, comprising near 5000 Portraits, by Blooteling, Cross, Faithorne, Hollar, Loggan, Marshall, Pass, White, &c. &c.; and amongst the old masters, a very rare assemblage of the works of Albert Durer, Lucas of Leyden, &c. with a remarkably fine collection of the little masters, particularly the brilliant works of the Wierix family; Vertue's Works, nearly complete; Oxford Almanacs, almost a complete series; Books of Prints, Portfolios, &c. To be viewed three days preceding, and catalogues had, (Sundays excepted.)

By Mr. Bullock, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Thursday, April 20th, at one precisely.

By Order of the Executors, a Collection of Prints and Drawings, by old Masters, fine Engravings by modern Italian Artists, Studies of Academic Figures by Raphael Mengs, Raphael's Pictures in the Vatican, by Volpato, also some Drawing Boards, Painters' Easels, Color Boxes, and Engravers' Tools, the genuine property of Sydenham Edwards, Esq. deceased.

To be viewed and catalogues had two days preceding.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Aikin's Reign of George the Third.

In 2 volumes 8vo. a New Edition, brought down to the period of his Majesty's Decease, price 11. 5s. 6d.

ANNALS OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE the THIRD. By JOHN AIKIN, M. D. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster-Row. Of whom may be had, Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth, 2 vols. 8vo. price 11. 5s. 6d.

Handsomely printed, in 8vo. price 12s. the second volume, (Poetry) of

CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE OF FRENCH LITERATURE, consisting of interesting Extracts from the Classic French Writers, in prose and Verse; with biographical and critical Remarks on the Authors and their works. In two volumes.

"Quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non."—Hor.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown. A. B. Dulan and Co.; and Boosey and Sons.

*A few copies to be had in royal 8vo. price 18s.

Longman and Co.'s Catalogue of Old Books for 1820.—Price 2s.

THE SECOND PART of a GENERAL CATALOGUE OF OLD BOOKS, for the year 1820; containing the classes of Facetia, or Books of Wit, Drollery, and Imagination; English Poetry, Plays, and Works on the Drama; Magic, Witchcraft, Alchemy, and Physiognomy; Natural History and Anatomy; Mathematics and Sciences. To be sold at the affixed prices, by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster Row.

†† The present part is enriched by many of the most rare articles in the Classes enumerated, as well as those at lower prices, and of general utility. The remaining parts of this extensive Catalogue will speedily appear.

Price 12s. second edition, containing upwards of one hundred pages of additional matter on the principles which regulate the Wages of Labour, the Profits of Stock, and the Rent of Land.

AN ESSAY ON THE INFLUENCE OF A FREE TRADE IN CORN on the Production and Distribution of National Wealth. By R. TORRENS, Esq. F. R. S.

"Our Readers will find a very able discussion of the comparative effects of a free and a restricted Corn Trade, on the subsistence, the agriculture, the commerce, and the Finances of the country, in Colonel Torrens' Essay on the Corn Trade. This is one of the most valuable contributions which has of late years been made to the Science of political economy."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. LXIII.

Printed for Hatchard, Piccadilly; Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson and Co. Cheap-side, London.

In 4 volumes, foolscap 8vo. price 2l. 2s. boards, a new edition of

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. Embellished with 24 engravings, by Charles Heath, from original Drawings by Richard Westall, R. A.

†† A few Proof Impressions of the Engravings, separate from the work, royal 4to. 2l. 2s. Ditto, before the letters, on India Paper, 2l. 12s. 6d.

London: Printed for Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 90, Cheap-side. Of whom may be had, just published, Illustrations of Ivanhoe, a Romance, by the author of "Waverley," &c. Engraved by Charles Heath, from Drawings by R. Westall, R. A. Prints, medium 8vo. 16s. Proofs, imperial 4to. 14. 5s. Ditto on India paper, 1l. 10s. Also a few proofs on India paper, before the letters, colomblie 4to. 1l. 15s.

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